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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



1. Bust of Columbus at Genoa.

2. Catafalque Erected in Seville Cathedral.

3. Clergy and Public Bodies awaiting the Remains on the Quay.

4. The Despatch-Boat "Giralda," bearing the Remains.

5. Cavalry in the Streets.

6. Awaiting the Disembarkation.

THE REINTERMENT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: SCENES DURING THE RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS IN SEVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A morning paper has established a department of waggery (a neglected element in our greater journals), and this is used to test the public sense of humour, just as the meteorological office gauges the temperature. You open the paper, read the funny paragraph, and see at once whether the glass is rising or falling, whether your humorous firmament is bright or cloudy. This humour-test is full of surprises. You turn to the morning joke, study it hard for half an hour, then sit down and write to the editor to tell him in good set terms that you cannot see the point because there is not any point. But in a day or two the waggery department comes out with the news that a well-known novelist, who never wrote an amusing line in his life, has made Fleet Street ring with his mirth over the joke that left you stolid. Is it possible that the sense of humour quits its proper abode out of sheer caprice, and seeks the most unlikely and uninviting quarters? Fortune may frown on you; love may be a fugitive or a traitor. For these mishaps you are prepared by philosophy. But if a man's sense of humour—the native gift he has cultivated with zeal and without ostentation—is to be as fickle as love and fortune, and desert him in the moment of extreme need, then how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, my friends, are all the uses of this world!

In this predicament your only comfort is to apply the humour-test to the least responsive objects. Certain ladies who practise palmistry at Southport were lately charged with fraud. The chief witness was a policeman, who said that one of the accused had examined his hand and told him that he was too much governed by his heart. No doubt he expected to hear how many people he was to "run in" or "move on," and what promotion would ensue. Do you suppose that policemen are any more indifferent to oracles than the rest of us? If you were to look into the palm of a tiger-hunter, and tell him he was so tender to animals that he could not bear the sight of a mouse-trap, would he be respectful and conciliatory? I met at dinner a lady with the most wonderful blue eyes I had ever seen. She turned them upon the lines in my hand, and told me I had little or no imagination. Instantly the glory of those orbs faded into commonplace. Do you wonder that the professional pride of the Southport constable was hurt, and his hopes of advancement blighted, when the palmist made this fuss about his "heart line"? I suspect that she knew him all the time, in spite of his plain clothes (the disguise of a policeman is of such exceeding plainness), and rallied him about his heart when he wanted to hear that he eclipsed the sagacity of the sleuth-hound. Moreover, she charged him half-a-crown for this little joke, and the indignant magistrates fined her sense of humour. A shining case for the waggery department.

I observe that the palmists, whose popularity in educated society is unquestionable, are in arms against this arbitrary judgment. Is there no distinction, they ask, between the common fortune-teller who takes in servant-girls and the profound student who toys with the palms of millionaires and rescues great ladies from ennui? With engaging manners and a pretty face, even a Southport practitioner who takes liberties with a policeman's heart may rise to be the oracle of duchesses. Suppose she is visited by a detective, pretending, with his customary ease, to be a grandee, and charges five guineas for telling him that his besetting weakness is a credulous faith in the integrity of mankind, is the law going to fine or imprison her as a common impostor? All the duchesses would appear in court and swear that palmistry is the solace of their gilded tedium, that they pay for it as they do for any other amusement, and believe in it neither more nor less than they believe in any prophecies, social or political. Some witnesses might go further, and declare that they find a periodical examination of the hand as useful as a doctor's prescription. A distinguished organ-grinder, who claims a peccage, might testify to the encouragement he received from a palmist who inspected his "lines" and said: "As there are axes to grind, even in the House of Lords, why not organs?" If it be maintained that the palmist ought to be punished for stimulating a popular delusion for the sake of gain, who is to discriminate between the popular delusion and the fashionable pastime? If it comes to that, how do we know that even servant-girls are any more deluded by fortune-tellers than by some other guides who exact payment? There are so many delusions crying vainly for retribution that, in harassing palmists, the law shows little sense of proportion. And to lack the sense of proportion is to lack humour.

I sat one afternoon in a great company of children at a performance of "Alice in Wonderland." The audience was a remarkable sight. Mere babies outraged the decorous conventions of private boxes by shrieking with joy. A youngster near me, who stooped on his seat the whole time, followed the peculiar table manners of the Mad Hatter's tea-party with audible relish. He shouted "Hurrah!" when the Mad Hatter polished off the dregs in all the cups, and wound up the party by drinking out of the teapot and the milk-jug at the same moment. This was real fairy-land to that boy. None of your horrid good

behaviour at this shop! The Dormouse went to sleep with his head on the table, and the Mad Hatter slapped the March Hare. Something like a tea-party this was! The applauding youngster expressed himself forcibly to this effect for the benefit of his companion, a solemn official from the nursery. The proceedings of the Mad Hatter visibly distressed her, and from her animated whisperings I gathered that she was trying to repress her young charge's ambition to take tea in his own home with the same glorious freedom. The humour-test was applied to her, and she stood it badly.

Sometimes the test is much more searching than this. George Meredith says no man has a thorough sense of humour who cannot bear to look ridiculous in the eyes that are dearest to him. When they are dancing, can he join in the fun? Such an ordeal might wring the withers of the most robust humorist, for when a woman laughs at you, she does it with a consummate art that breaks through all your pretences of indifference. First she lulls your suspicions with a sympathy which seems genuine and even tender; then you are taken off your guard by a jibe that pierces the very marrow of self-esteem. I have no personal knowledge of this, you understand: it has been revealed to me by sufferers at the witching hour when men unburden their souls to one another about the enigmas of women. "Weak creatures!" said one athletic young philosopher to me in one of those confidential moments. "But I suppose this trick of making a man look a fool is Nature's compensation for their inferiority." I assured him that he had lighted upon a novel piece of wisdom. "Yes, it makes a fellow think, you know, when he finds a woman laughing at him. By George, how well she does it!—first a caress, then a great, cat-like scratch! It's pretty, but it's nothing against masculine stamina," he added with the air of the four-mile champion. "All you have to do is to hold on, and she gives in. I'm not sure that it isn't worse for her in the long run, because you see it rouses a man's brute instinct." And this crusher of the feminine heart, who wore a high collar and still had a suspicion of peach-like down on his face, gazed thoughtfully into the fire as if it were the pyre of many ladies who had suffered the penalty of laughing at him by dying of a hopeless passion.

Another aspect of the ordeal is much too grim for every taste. A friend of mine—dapper, diminutive, vitality incarnate—was complaining to me of blundering servants. He had called on a distinguished man who lives in one of those shapeless London piles which are called mansions. The distinguished man tottered into the hall very pale and reproachful. He had lost several relatives within a month, and a servant, taking in my friend's name, had announced him as "Mr. Death"! This story threw me into a fit of uncontrollable mirth, which excited first surprise, and then a slight exasperation. When I looked at the figure which had been suddenly thrust upon a nervous person as the symbol of mortality, I went off again till my sides ached. Was this due to a real sense of humour, or merely to a depraved sense of incongruity? There is a penalty, no doubt, for the over-indulgence of a particular faculty, and the inveterate humorist must often seem as callous as the grave-digger in "Hamlet" when he knocks the skull about with a dirty shovel and a song. "Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?" Has this jester no reverence for the mysteries of life and death, that he grins at the skull which grins back at him? But then I had before me the spruce and lively person of my friend who suddenly found himself clad in the nerve-shaking pomp of the monarch of terrors. Is that a fit subject for humour or for sorrowful contemplation?

The attempt to create a legend of Mr. Gladstone's "evil eye" seems to fall within the province of the humorist. Mr. Gladstone was once contradicted by Professor Blackie about Homer. He opened his "outer eyelids" and glared. The intrepid Scot went on till Mr. Gladstone opened his "inner eyelids," when the Professor had a glimpse of "the Pit," and shrank back appalled. This story was told by Boehm, the sculptor. He went to the "Zoo" and saw vultures opening their "inner eyelids" with anger, just like Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lecky relates that a Scotch Professor (why did Scotch Professors have the privilege of irritating Mr. Gladstone in this way?) stopped short in a dispute with the dreaded being because he saw the pupils of his antagonist's eyes dilating horribly. All this smacks of the "Arabian Nights." I am waiting for another Scotch Professor to tell us that he once called on Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, was shown into the study, which was empty, noticed a massive inkstand on the table, opened the lid, saw an inner lid twitching and the ink dilating, and then the whole form of Mr. Gladstone gradually emerging like the Arabian *djinn* from Solomon's bottle. Some historians will take even this quite gravely. The habit of writing or rewriting history sometimes blunts the sense of humour. Here is the *Spectator* assuring us that the original Puritans were not the enemies of "sport and recreation." Well, Milton wrote "Comus," and Cromwell encouraged Davenant to write plays which inflamed the popular mind against Spain. But the "sport and recreation" which flourished under the Commonwealth are like Mr. Gladstone's "inner eyelids"—visible only to a specially penetrating gaze.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne held an investiture of Orders on Monday. The Duke of York visited the Queen on Sunday. Her Majesty on Saturday received the Earl of Clarendon on his return from Germany, where he attended, as her representative, the silver wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Rome on Monday, with their daughters, having on Saturday been received by the Pope at the Vatican. During their stay at the British Embassy, several days last week, their Royal Highnesses were entertained by the King and Queen of Italy on Jan. 24 with a Court ball at the Quirinal Palace, and Sir Philip Currie gave a dinner to the Italian Ministers and other guests. They visited the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Capitol, the Appian Way, the Vatican Museums, the Sistine Chapel, the picture galleries, and two or three neighbouring villas.

On Jan. 26, the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of New South Wales as a colonial province, a dinner celebration of that event, attended by many gentlemen in London interested in Australia, took place at the Hôtel Métropole; the Earl of Jersey was in the chair.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., the Home Secretary, addressed a Unionist meeting at Blackpool on Jan. 26; Lord Kimberley, on Friday, a Liberal meeting at Wymondham, Norfolk; Mr. Asquith, M.P., the Lancashire Liberals at Darwen; and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, made a political speech on Saturday at a dinner of the jewellers at Birmingham.

A letter written by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour to one of his constituents of East Manchester, published on Jan. 26, has excited more interest than any other political incident. It is a strongly argumentative defence of the proposal to establish and endow, with Government aid, a Roman Catholic University for Ireland, with a teaching staff of professors of that religion, but to which students of any other persuasion should be admitted. Trinity College and Dublin University should remain as they are; there should also be an Ulster, or North of Ireland, Presbyterian University, absorbing Queen's College, Belfast.

Among other public speakers in the past week, Lord Sidmouth has presided at the annual meeting of the Navy League; Mr. Horace Plunkett, M.P., lectured at Belfast on agricultural and industrial improvement in Ireland; Lord George Hamilton, at the Chiswick Constitutional Club, spoke of Indian government, commending the labours of the late Viceroy, Lord Elgin; and Mr. Walter Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, on Saturday, at the Newcastle Farmers' Club, announced measures for preventing the importation of foreign adulterated goods, unfairly competing with British farming produce; and for amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act.

The Institution of Junior Civil Engineers had its annual dinner on Saturday, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Sir W. H. White, Assistant Controller of the Navy and Director of Naval Construction, was chairman, and the speeches turned much on recent improvements in ship-building.

The French Government, M. Dupuy, Prime Minister, and M. Lebret, Minister of Justice, have decided, upon the report of the President of the United Civil and Criminal Chambers of the Court of Cassation, to make a special law, removing the Dreyfus affair with its appendages from the sole appeal jurisdiction of the Criminal Chamber, so that it may be referred to both Chambers sitting together.

The German Emperor's fortieth birthday, on Friday, Jan. 27, was celebrated at Berlin with a Court ceremonial reception, at which the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and forty Princes and Princesses congratulated William II. and the Empress, followed by the foreign Ambassadors, and by the chief State officials and the Courtiers. His Majesty visited the Arsenal. There was a State banquet and an opera performance; there were decorations and illuminations of the streets.

The treaty of commerce between France and Italy has been ratified by a vote of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

None of the European Governments has formally signified any opposition to the institution of a new title and system of administration in the Sudan, arranged by Great Britain in concert with the Khedive; and it is not expected that the Sultan of Turkey will do so; but he is said to be much displeased with the Khedive for acting without his consent. The British flag was hoisted on Saturday at Wady Halfa and at the forts on the Atbara. The Egyptian Government's Director of Public Works, Sir W. E. Garstin, has gone up the Blue Nile to Rosaires, and will, on his return to Omdurman, ascend the White Nile to the Sobat River.

Very cold weather has prevailed all over the northern and central parts of Spain, with snow lying thick on the ground. In England we have had bright sunshine, clear air, and northerly or easterly winds, but not violent; some rain at night; the ground otherwise dry.

There is still, apparently, little prospect of a peaceable submission of the Philippine native party of independence to the enforced American protectorate, though General Otis reports some improvement in their disposition. Some troops of the United States infantry and artillery have landed and occupied posts at Iloilo. The Spanish prisoners detained as hostages by the native insurgents are reckoned at 650 persons, of whom 400 are priests or clergy, with one bishop; this does not include the large number of soldiers. Spain is beginning to negotiate for their liberation.

Further trouble is reported from China. Shu-chou, which is the third city in importance in the province of An-hui, has been laid siege to by 10,000 rebels, well-armed and equipped. Ku-Yang, the rebel leader, was defeated on Jan. 23 with a loss of 2000 men. The Imperial Guard is striving to effect his capture. Should Shu-chou fall, An-hui will be entirely at the rebels' mercy.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If I had my will, every mother in the land should read Mrs. Garrett Anderson's admirable letter to the *Times* on vaccination. I suggest that some wealthy person should obtain permission to reprint this plain-spoken epistle to a little pamphlet and distribute it free to every household in the kingdom. Devoid of all technicality, and written in the plainest of terms, Mrs. Garrett Anderson's letter sets forth the case for the efficiency of vaccination so clearly that he who runs may read, and, what is more to the point, understand. Of course, it is the recent most foolish action of the Government in practically abolishing compulsory infant vaccination that has led Mrs. Garrett Anderson to write her plain case for vaccination; but her proposal that the Government should admit that a grave mistake has been made is, I fear, a little piece of womanly argument which is much more a thing of hope than a thing likely of realisation. Governments, like kings, can do no wrong; and once having committed themselves to a policy which Mr. Balfour seems, by some strange reversion of thought, to think would conciliate the opponents of vaccination and in the end favour the spread of a belief in its efficacy, the Government benches are not likely to regard the work of eating of humble pie with favour. The present policy represents a retrograde movement, and when smallpox attacks us in the future, we shall reap the bitter fruits of the official purlindness which has practically tossed aside, as of none effect, all the collective medical experience which has accumulated since Jenner's day.

If I might venture personally to supplement the argument for vaccination from the purely biological side, I should say that one strong support for the efficacy of the process is found in the consideration that the vaccination process is part and parcel of the natural history of the great world of microbe life. By this statement I mean to imply that vaccination represents for man a process we see represented in other departments of bacteriological research. If the microbe of smallpox happened to be the only germ which was modified by its cultivation in the body of another animal than man, and if its case were thus singular and unique, the anti-vaccinationist might, with some small show of reason, express his surprise that the microbe of a foul disease should be capable of modification so as to protect the subject vaccinated with it from that ailment. But we can parallel this beneficial phase of germ-life in many cases. Nothing is more common—indeed, it is part and parcel of the natural history of microbes at large—than to find marked alteration of germs after they have been cultivated in surroundings other than those in which they attain their full measure of virulence. The anti-toxin which is produced by the cultivation of the bacillus of diphtheria in the blood of the horse is an illustration perfectly parallel with the effects produced by the modification of the smallpox microbe in the tissues of the calf.

If the child of an anti-vaccinator lay dying of diphtheria, and the medical man in attendance, in accordance with the rules of the latest and most beneficial mode of treatment, proposed to inject the anti-toxin by way of saving the little patient's life—a result which has accrued in many cases of extremity—the parent in such a case, if consistent in his beliefs, ought to object to this mode of medication. If he did object, he would assuredly be a party to killing his child; if he assented, where is the consistency of his anti-vaccination fad? He would be on the horns of a dilemma, and his only mode of escape, if escape it could be called, would be to question the value of the anti-toxin, a proceeding equivalent to his placing his lay ignorance against the science and experience of the medical profession. And that, I take it, would be a spectacle than which nothing more absurd could be found in the whole range of human inconsistency and error. Vaccination, in a word, falls into line with other bacteriological conditions and ways, and now that, apparently, we know the actual microbe of vaccine lymph (I noted this discovery a week or two ago in this column), it may be that the efficiency of vaccination will be markedly increased through the power given of selecting and cultivating the special bacillus to whose action the protective effects are due.

In all the arguments for vaccination, I think too little has been made of the broad biological basis on which the whole subject of its efficiency should be argued. He is a foolish man who would maintain that vaccination will protect everybody. He is more than foolish who argues, on the other hand, that it is never of any effect at all. The truth about vaccination lies in the recognition of an axiom some of us are apt to overlook—namely, that you cannot expect mathematical certainty when you are dealing with living beings. This is a self-evident fact. What experience teaches us is that the vast majority are protected from smallpox by efficient and repeated vaccination. Of the minority, some are less efficiently protected, and a very few not at all. This, I say, is what the biologist expects in a world of variation and change, where every unit is different in some way or other from every other unit. What we have in vaccination is a generally protective measure against a foul and loathsome disease. The pity of it all is that any Government should have ever been weak enough to consider for one moment the clamour of the ignorant few as against the science and experience of the educated many.

I saw at the London Alhambra recently a remarkable exhibition of staying-power under water, in the person of Fräulein Elsie Wallenda, who remained below water in a tank for considerably over four minutes. I believe her highest record is 4 min. 45½ sec. The next record to this—4 min. 35½ sec.—is that of Beaumont. This marvellous power suggests several interesting physiological considerations. Is there any possibility, for example, that the necessary aëration of the blood goes on to an extent unrepresented in ordinary breathing, and that the supply of reserve air in the lung, not employed in ordinary respiration, may aid the experimenter?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TREE-DUMAS-SKITTERS," AT THE COMEDY.

It is among the recognised conventions of dramatic criticism to pronounce every burlesque of a popular play, every caricature of a popular player, "no offence to the world." But I fancy that the most conservative of reviewers will be hard put to it to discover the "harmlessness" and "good-humour" of "The Tree-Dumas-Skitters." In his skit on Mr. Grundy's "Musketiers," not only does Mr. Adrian Ross poke merciless fun at most of the scenes and bits of stage-business in the Haymarket drama, but he provides also a Buckingham who is killed in the prologue, a King who boasts a high-pitched feminine voice, a Constance who wants to do her "song and dance," and a Queen who reproduces Mrs. Tree's pathetic smile and twang. But it is Mr. Arthur Roberts, the Gascon, curbing his gallant (hobby) horse, flourishing his hat and caressing his hair in Mr. Tree's most flamboyantly romantic manner, who is the life and soul of this spirited travesty. The mimicry of Her Majesty's manager is so exquisitely faithful that when Mr. Roberts walks and talks you seem to be watching the curious stride and stop movements, hearing the dry hollow tones of Mr. Grundy's d'Artagnan.

"WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?" AT TERRY'S.

"Teresa," for all its carpentry, was a strenuous play. "What Will the World Say?" is, alas! the direst of failures. It is hard to credit both works to the same author; harder still to resist the idea that "Teresa's" composition was something of a fluke. Sardou's influence, noticeable there, may be harmful, but the young playwright might have done worse than stayed in the master's workshop. A longer apprenticeship, and perhaps a study of "Maison Neuve," might have prevented him from exploiting a stale theme or offering as dialogue childish twaddle. The story? Oh, the old sentimental tale of "The Parvenu" and "Our Boys" over again, with all the humour omitted. The hero? A stage-type of the 'seventies we had thought well buried. Who troubles about the stupid snob who runs after titled folk and neglects his family for the sake of social advancement! Who but laughs at his grey-haired penitence when misfortune effects the usual revolution of character! Of course, Mr. Bancroft has gathered his notions of human nature from theatres and plays, not from life. No wonder that his writing is mere fustian and platitudes without sparkle or thought, and his comic relief relies on external superficialities such as a cabman peer, a chorus of hags, or an officer with imaginary ailments. Some pathetic acting of Miss Carlotta Addison, and the customary mannerisms of Mr. Edward Terry, could not save the piece. Because Mr. Pinero once in "The Times" fitted Mr. Terry with a parvenu part, Mr. Bancroft imagined he could copy the pattern. And the result of such imitation, obviously enough, is failure.

F. G. B.

The citizen who would choose a town or city where the rates, other than poor rates, are lowest, must proceed at once to Oxford—no great place of exile, after all. The University city, with a population of over 45,000, pays in this way 3s. 1d. in the pound. Chester, no undesirable city either, is near it at 3s. 2d. At over double this sum stand Sheffield, Portsmouth, Norwich, Middlesbrough, and Dudley, which rises to a climax with 7s. 4d. in the pound.

By a quaint coincidence the resolution of confidence at Mr. Balfour's Manchester meeting was moved by Mr. Dreyfus, one of the leading citizens. This is not likely to escape the notice of the intelligent French politicians who affect to believe that the "Dreyfus Syndicate" is organised and subsidised by the British Government. Just now the relations between England and France are much more amicable than they were a few months ago; but what will happen if the French Government should be interpellated in the Chamber on the subject of Dreyfus of Manchester?

M. Dupuy has surrendered, after all, to M. de Beaurepaire. This is the meaning of the Bill the French Government has laid before the Chamber for the reference of all revision cases to the entire Cour de Cassation. The Minister of Justice says that the personal honour and sincerity of the Judges of the Criminal Chamber of that Court are beyond question, but the new legislation is a slur upon President Loew and his colleagues. If the Anti-Revisionists have succeeded in discrediting one branch of the Court, why should they hesitate to attack the whole tribunal when it finds that there is no evidence against Dreyfus? M. Dupuy has been guilty of deplorable weakness, though he appears to assume that the judgment of all the Chambers of the Supreme Court sitting together will satisfy the public mind. Nothing will satisfy the conspirators against justice who are stimulated by their unlooked-for success.

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A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, and AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

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At 2 and 8 p.m. Doors open 12.30 and 6.30 p.m. Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards. Early Entrance fee, 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large show and the general magnitude of the Exhibitions, necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak, and Illusion Departments can only be open from 11.15 p.m. and from 6.15 p.m.

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THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS AT MADRAS.

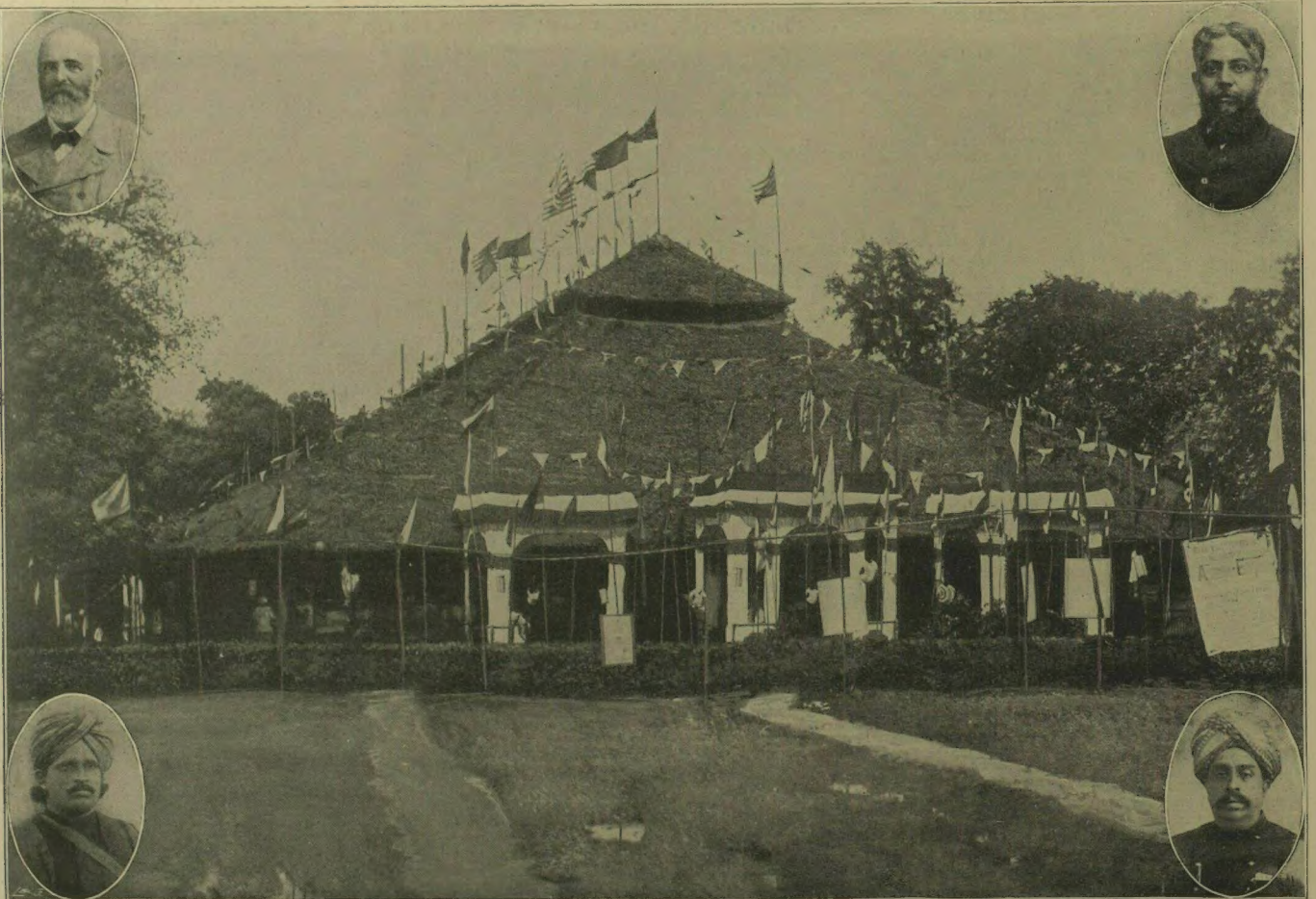
From Photographs by R. Venkiah Bros., Madras.



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Member of Reception Committee.

THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Address will be moved in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford, who succeeded his brother, the tenth Duke of Bedford, in 1893. He is forty-one years of age, and has had considerable military experience, serving in Egypt with the Grenadier Guards in 1882. From 1884 to 1888 he was Aide-de-Camp to the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin. Since his accession to the dukedom he has shown an inclination to take an active part in politics. The Duke's recreations are described in "Who's Who" as natural history and zoology, and he may regard politics as an extension of these pursuits. The seconder of the Address will be the Earl of Cawdor, who made two unsuccessful attempts to enter the House of Commons before his accession to the peerage. He is a railway director, owns Macbeth's Castle, or rather the castle on the site of Macbeth's stronghold, and is partly Welsh. He possesses qualifications which are guarantees of Unionism. In the Commons the Address will be moved by Captain Bagot, who represents the Kendal Division of Westmoreland, formerly A.D.C. to the Marquis of Lorne when the Marquis was Governor-General of Canada, an office held by Captain Bagot's grandfather. The seconder of the Address is the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, member for the Strand Division, only son of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, and a partner in the firm of W. H. Smith and Son. Mr. Smith is only thirty years of age, and still has his political spurs to win.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords.



Photo. Taylor, Manchester.
THE RIGHT HON. EARL CAWDOR,
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords.



Photo. Hogg, Kendal.
CAPTAIN JORCELINE BAGOT, M.P.,
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons.



Photo. Russell.
THE HON. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P.,
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS
IN REPLY TO THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLES I.

The celebrated picture by Charles West Cope of the burial of Charles I. at Windsor on the snowy 7th of February, 1649, is known to all visitors to the Peers' Lobby in Westminster Palace. It represents the moment when the bearers of the monarch's remains were met by a protest from the Roundhead Whichcote, who denounced the burial service, conducted by Bishop Juxon, as profane and Papistical. The picture is in danger of being defaced by the action of the London atmosphere, but a process of treatment with bread-crumbs will, it is hoped, restore the work. On Saturday, Jan. 28, anticipating by a few hours the two hundred and fiftieth fateful anniversary, the Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain met at the St. James's Restaurant to commemorate the execution of Charles I. The chair was taken by the Marquis de Ruigny and Raneval, and Mr. Theodore Napier, in characteristic Scottish garb, addressed the meeting. The proceedings were of a pleasant and altogether harmless kind. Resolutions, scarcely formidable, were passed with enthusiasm, and the Legitimists appeared mightily to enjoy their anachronistic little celebration. On Jan. 30 many persons likened with the members of the Legitimist League sent floral offerings to decorate the statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross. All wreaths and inscriptions must first be submitted to the Board of Works in case the literary expression of Legitimist enthusiasm should require the gently chastening hand of the censor. The pious epigrams are certainly void of offence.



COPE'S PAINTING OF THE BURIAL OF CHARLES I. AT WINDSOR.

BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ART UNION OF LONDON.

This famous picture in Westminster Palace is in danger of destruction by London smog, but Professor Church hopes to save it by an ingenious application of bread-crumbs.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE REINTERMENT OF COLUMBUS.

Following up our Columbus Illustrations of last week, we are now enabled to present views in connection with the actual ceremonial, which took place at Seville on Jan. 19. We give the bust erected in 1821 in the Municipal Hall at Genoa. It surmounts a monument containing Columbus documents. Over the discoverer's tomb at Havana, there is also a sculptured portrait with the inscription—

Ashes and image of our great Columbus!
A thousand centuries will hold you safe
Shrined in the urn and in Spain's memory.

Our Illustrations further depict the despatch boat, curiously enough named *Giralda*, which brought the remains to Seville, where they were finally deposited in the *Giralda*. The vessel, with flag flying at half mast, is shown at the moment of her arrival at the quay-side. We give also pictures of the scene at the landing-stage on the Guadalquivir, where the public bodies and clergy received the honoured ashes; of the military and populace in the streets, and of the catafalque erected in the Cathedral for the funeral service. The procession, which was fully described in a previous number, started from a point near the Torre del Oro (tower of gold), and moved through streets lined with the populace and soldiery to the Cathedral, which stands on the site of an ancient Moorish temple. The infantry guarded the streets; the cavalry and artillery were posted in the squares. The ceremony concluded with a solemn Requiem.

HER LAST GLIMPSE OF HOME.

The times change indeed. One solitary slipper, which evidently has missed its mark, is the only missile launched for luck at our Georgian bride and bridegroom. Nowadays, the victims on the altar of Hymen have to brave a harder fate. For the bride, perhaps, it is not so bad, as she is sometimes guarded to the carriage by a stalwart groomsman that the company may the better pour out the vials of their goodwill upon the hapless bridegroom, who is pursued to the gate by a fanatical mob, hurling stinging rice in his face, and pounding his person with ancient foot-gear. If he opens his mouth to protest, it is stopped on the instant by a handful of confetti. But our old-world couple go down to the gate leisurely, and with heads erect, able to look back to the house and wave a parting salute. From their pensive look, however, who will say the old way is the superior? The less serious reflection at such a moment the better. For the occasion is one where regret is not unmingled with the bride's feelings. She is leaving the old home and the old faces, which seem doubly dear at such a moment, and it takes all her faith and all her love to soften the pain of parting. So perhaps, after all, a little boisterous fun at the going away is not inopportune.

INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.

The Indian National Congress held its fourteenth annual meeting at Madras on Dec. 29, 30, and 31, under the presidency of Mr. Bose, who is a graduate of Cambridge. The president, in his opening address, expressed his confidence in the sympathy of "the great nation into whose hands Providence had entrusted the destinies of India." Delegates were present from all parts of India. A message of welcome was sent to Lord Curzon, who telegraphed his thanks.

THE SAXE-COBURG CELEBRATIONS.

On the evening of Jan. 23 after the official reception at the Schloss Friedenstein, which we described and illustrated last week, a gala banquet was held in the Throne-Room. About eight o'clock the Duke and Duchess made a progress through the town of Gotha, which was splendidly illuminated, and as the night wore on a torchlight procession visited the Castle. A large choir sang a congratulatory ode, and hearty cheers were given for the Duke and Duchess, who appeared on a balcony overlooking the quadrangle. Our Special Artist has happily caught this picturesque moment, when the smoky glare of the torches cast weird lights upon the walls which resounded to the loud "Hochs!" of the crowd.

SCENES IN SIERRA LEONE.

On Dec. 9 a column under Captain Carleton left Freetown for Falaba. The other officers are Lieutenant Streeten; Lieutenant Rambaut, Royal Artillery; Lieutenant Masterson, Army Service; and Captain Hearn, R.A.M.C. They command one company of the new West African Regiment. The party carries one seven-pounder E.M.L. gun, weighing 150 lb., slung on bamboos. The column halted for about a week at Port Lokko before proceeding on to Falaba. The country is for the most part covered with dense bush, high

enough to prevent one seeing for any distance but low enough to allow the sun to pour down. The enemy are armed with old French swords and muskets and also spears, but have no sort of organisation. Marches are from fifteen to thirty miles per day. On the way up from Freetown to Port Lokko the sandbanks are numerous, and soundings have to be constantly taken. About ten miles from Port Lokko small launches took over the task of towing the lighters full of carriers and troops. Once after dark the native helmsman lost his head, and ran into the mangroves, which brought the launch up abruptly, and the lighter or barge crashed into the launch, carrying away the stanchions and awning, and precipitating three of the party into the cockpit. The expedition was timed to arrive at Falaba on New Year's Day.

THE LATE PRINCESS OF BULGARIA.

The Princess of Bulgaria, wife of Prince Ferdinand, died on Jan. 31 at Sofia. The Princess, who was in delicate health, fell a victim to influenza, complicated by pneumonia. She was conscious to the end, received the last sacraments, and took leave of her children. Prince Ferdinand remained with his wife until all was over. Maria Louisa Pia of Bourbon was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Parma. She was born in 1870. In April



Photo. Ullrich, Coburg.

THE LATE PRINCESS FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

1893 she was married to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. She leaves four children—Boris, born in 1894, over whose christening there was so great a discussion; Cyril, born in 1895; Eudoxia, born in 1898; and a daughter, born on Jan. 29 of the present year.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

Our Klondike Illustration is a view on Lake Bennett as it was last June, when thousands of people with their tents and boats, mostly built by themselves, were waiting for the ice to leave the streams and lakes lower down so that they could be off on their way to Dawson. The steamer being built is one of the three—the *Ora*, the *Nora*, or the *Flera*—which were launched and plied regularly during last season between this place and Miles Cañon. It is here, at Lake Bennett, forty-three miles from Skagway, that the railroad is to be finished in time for next season's traffic.

The White Pass and Yukon Railway is being constructed by a London company, which has already made such good progress with the undertaking that the problem which has been agitating everyone interested in that region, from the first discovery of its richness, is already solved. Only in June last actual work was begun, and at the end of the year 1898 we learned that the White Pass is actually traversed by the iron road, and that passengers and goods are being carried regularly and cheaply over the summit to where there is a fine down-grade sleigh road to the head waters of the Yukon. A time-table has been issued, fares have been agreed to, and it is thus, in this short time, a going concern, a really

working railroad, equipped at all points. The fare from Skagway Wharf to the railhead at the summit is \$5.

It speaks volumes for the energy and enterprise of our race to note that although the construction was only really commenced in June last (1898) yet on July 21 so much of the line was completed that an excursion train, the first ever run so near the Arctic Circle, took the inhabitants of Skagway—men, women, and children—for a trip. It is true there is no darkness there in summer, that work goes on continuously. For all that, what has been done and what is going on now in that terrible climate, through that fearfully rough country, where the engineering difficulties are immense, is surely a record in railway construction.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

V.—THE HIMALAYAN IBEX.

Time was when every upland valley in Switzerland was tenanted by its herd of ibex; but this was centuries ago, and now the sole habitats of this splendid wild goat are a few valleys on the Piedmont side of Monte Rosa, where the few small herds now surviving are afforded stringent protection by the Italian Government. Even, however, with this fostering care the horns of the bucks are but poor trophies compared with the specimens of bygone years preserved in our museums; and it is, moreover, at least doubtful whether any of the European ibex now living are entirely free from a cross with the domestic goat.

Under these circumstances it is fortunate, alike for the naturalist and the sportsman, that there are other mountain ranges where ibex more or less nearly akin to the European species still flourish and develop horns calculated to excite the ambition of every lover of big-game shooting. Among these species, the finest and at the same time the most easily accessible is undoubtedly the ibex of the Himalayas, whose geographical range extends from the northern mountain barrier of the vale of Kashmir to the Altai and the mountains of Siberia. Although nowadays good specimens are yearly becoming more difficult to obtain throughout the more accessible portions of the animal's range, the horns of this ibex, when fully developed, considerably exceed fifty inches in length; and the boldness of the knots on their front surface renders them some of the handsomest of big-game trophies. Grandeur is also added to the heads of old bucks by the flowing black beard, an appendage which appears always to have been but poorly developed in the ibex of the Alps.

R. LYDEKKER.

CALLED TO THE BAR.

The process of being called to the Bar is not at all a portentous one in its last act, at any rate in the England of to-day. The law-student who has eaten his dinners, passed his examinations, and paid his fees, has done nearly the whole duty of a wearer of wig and gown. No ceremony, such as that which is familiar to readers of "Redgauntlet," adds to the trepidation of his last moments as a layman; no "cramp" speech in Latin, like Alan Fairford's, is imposed upon him as a final proof of fitness. He is entered as eligible on a list of names which the Benchers of his own particular Inn "call" out, and henceforth he is of the Bar—

a barrister; but that title happens to be more than a little ambiguous—and therefore a barrister. A whole volley of such calls sounded forth the other day; and the profession which by its own complaint is the most overcrowded of all, received an accession of some seventy new professors—some of them already the bearers of military titles and of medical degrees, and one of them (Mr. Curran) already an M.P. The blanks may be many at the Bar, but the prizes are big; and every barrister carries a full-bottomed wig in his tin box, and invisible silk, not to say ermine, on his gown.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

With every Number of *The Illustrated London News* of this week's issue is given a prospectus of the new company that is about to be formed, entitled "*The Illustrated London News and Sketch Company, Limited*." *The Illustrated London News* was founded in 1842 by the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, and was the first, as it has been the most prosperous, of all illustrated papers; the *Sketch*, which was brought into existence six years ago, and the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, which has had a vigorous life of thirty years, have hitherto been the property of Sir William Ingram and his brother, Mr. Charles Ingram. The management of the new company will continue as hitherto in the hands of the Ingram family, who will take one-third of each class of security. The issue is one upon which it would be unbecoming of us to pronounce an opinion in these columns. The prospectus is, however, before our readers, and it is within their option to apply for shares or not, as they may deem desirable.

PERSONAL.

Earl Beauchamp, whom the Queen has been pleased to appoint to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of New South Wales, is the youngest of our Colonial Governors. Earl Beauchamp was born in 1872, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. His Lordship has had considerable experience of public life. He has been Mayor of Worcester, and is a member of the London School Board, to which he was returned in 1897 as Progressive member for Finsbury. Earl Beauchamp succeeds Viscount Hampden, who is shortly to resign the Governorship.

After successfully holding the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Lagos since 1895, Sir William MacGregor has now been offered, and has accepted, the Governorship of the colony. Sir William, who is fifty-two years of age, was educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, and studied also at Paris and Berlin. Graduating in medicine, he occupied posts in Scotland, the Seychelles, Port Louis, and Mauritius, becoming in 1875 Chief Medical Officer of Fiji. Later he became Consul-General for the Western Pacific. He was the first Administrator of British New Guinea, and won distinction in that capacity for his development of the country. He is a member of various learned societies.

Mr. George H. Murray, C.B., who has been appointed to the Secretaryship of the Post Office vacated by the retirement of Sir Spencer Walpole, has been since 1897 Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. In that office he succeeded Sir Alfred Milner. He entered the Foreign

he sold out, and about a year later entered the diplomatic service. He served as attaché at Naples, Munich, Paris, Lisbon, and Brussels, and, through various other appointments in all parts of the world, rose to be British representative at Rio de Janeiro, Athens, Madrid, Constantinople, and Rome. He was accredited to the Italian capital in 1893, and retired from the Embassy last year. In 1883 he rendered valuable service as a commissioner at Paris on the Newfoundland Fisheries Question, for which he was made a K.C.M.G. In May 1886 he was created a G.C.M.G., in 1888 a Privy Councillor, and in 1889 a G.C.B.

On Jan. 31 Dr. C. A. Berry, the eminent Congregationalist minister of Wolverhampton, died suddenly while engaged in prayer at a funeral service at Bilston. The Rev. Charles Albert Berry, D.D., was born in 1832, and for the last sixteen years had been pastor of the Queen Street Congregational Church in Wolverhampton. In 1897 he was Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and was first President of the Free Church National Council. Twelve years ago, on invitation, he declined to succeed Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn. In 1897 he went to America in the interests of the Arbitration Society, and was invited to open Congress with prayer. He wrote extensively on theology.

Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., the distinguished sculptor, died somewhat suddenly on Jan. 30 from heart disease. Mr. Bates was a native of Stevenage, Hertfordshire. In 1883 he gained the Academy gold medal, and from that year onwards contributed regularly to the exhibitions. In 1892 he was elected an Associate, a distinction which his

MUSIC.

Mr. Leonard Borwick, who gave the second of his pianoforte recitals last week at the St. James's Hall, has once more proved himself to be the finely unsensational artist, with splendidly modest powers of expression, that we have always held him to be. He has a wonderful variousness, in a sense of the word very different from that which applies to the word as it refers to the performance of most artists. It is true that there are artists—one or two—who play Chopin better than he: Eugen d'Albert is a finer Beethoven player, and in some respects he rivals Mr. Borwick even in his Schumann playing; although those rivals are few and far between. But among English artists this musician remains quite supreme, and among all the artists we know he takes a very high rank indeed. On this occasion he played his Mozart with extraordinary distinction. We trust that Mr. Borwick will continue upon his career until he reaches the goal which is his by right.

On Tuesday of last week Mr. Sims Reeves gave a concert which was very liberally attended by the public. He was assisted by many artists of well-known fame, who generously gave their aid on this occasion. Madame Albani sang, and she was applauded uproariously for her rendering both of Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute" and of Ardit's "So sarai" rose. Miss Ada Crossley, too, sang very beautifully Arne's pretty "Where the bee sucks" and a Schubert. Mr. Brozel was rapturously encored, as also was Mr. Santley, who in "The Erl King" was at his very best, as we know him in these days, and many other artists united to do the veteran



Photo. Chancery, Dublin.

EARL BEAUCHAMP,
New Governor of New South Wales.

Photo. Posten, Brisbane.

SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR,
New Governor of Lagos.

Photo. Mayall.

MR. G. H. MURRAY,
New Secretary to the Post Office.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. W. KESWICK,
New M.P. for Epsom Division of Surrey.

Photo. Heyman, Cairo.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVID F. LEWIS.



Photo. Maull and Fox.

THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CLARE FORD.



Photo. Holger.

THE LATE MR. HARRY BATES, A.R.A.

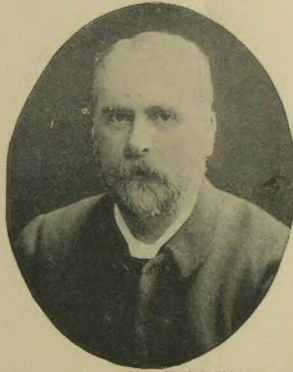


Photo. Whitlock, Walsinghampton.

THE LATE DR. BERRY.

Office in 1873, and was transferred to the Treasury in 1880. He was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone from 1892 to 1894, and to Lord Rosebery during his Lordship's Premiership. Mr. Murray is the son of the late Rev. G. E. Murray, rector of Southfleet, Kent. He was born in 1849, and was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1879 he married the eldest daughter of Baron Dunleath.

On Jan. 23 Mr. W. Keswick was elected in the Conservative interest, without opposition, to the Parliamentary representation of the Epsom Division of Surrey. Mr. Keswick, of Feltham, near Sutherland, who succeeds Mr. Justice Bucknill, is a member of the firm of Messrs. Jardine and Co., China merchants. He has not hitherto taken any very active part in the politics of the constituency, but is well known in public life, having served last year as High Sheriff.

Lieutenant-Colonel David Francis Lewis, who defeated Ahmed Fedil's forces at Rosieres on Dec. 26, is an officer who has greatly distinguished himself in Sudan campaigns. He joined the "Buffs" in 1875, but has been for some years a Special Service Officer in Egypt. He served in the Zulu War of 1879, and was wounded at Etshowe. He was mentioned in despatches, and received the medal and clasp. For the Sudan Campaign of 1888-89 he was decorated with the medal and clasp, the bronze star, and the third class of the Medjidieh. He became Major in 1891. For the Dongola Expedition of 1896 Major Lewis was mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Sir Francis Clare Ford, the distinguished British diplomat, died at Paris on Jan. 31 after a prolonged illness. Sir Francis was born in 1828, and entered the Army in 1846, his regiment being the 4th Light Dragoons. In 1851

"Pandora" earned for him. He lived at St. John's Wood, where he was a welcome and popular figure in artistic circles.

Sir William Harcourt has suggested that committees should be organised for a thorough investigation of Ritualistic practices. Churches are to be visited and reports drawn up. It seems likely to prove a lengthy business. What steps, if any, Sir William Harcourt will take in Parliament in the meantime it is impossible to say, but the situation is described by Mr. Balfour as indicating a new movement by the Liberal Party in favour of Disestablishment.

The latest story of the Kaiser is that when he goes to balls he criticises the dancing, and gives personal reprimands to faulty dancers. There must be a good deal of scope for this kind of censorship. It might, indeed, occupy the greater part of a man's time, but the Kaiser finds leisure for affairs of State.

Compassion ought to be the portion of General Otis. He commands the American forces at Manila, where he is threatened with an assault by the natives, who have proclaimed an independent Republic. He has to fold his hands and watch the possible enemy growing in strength and assurance, while his Government forbids him to take the action which would nip the popular movement in the bud. The treaty between the United States and Spain is not yet ratified, and until this is done President McKinley is unwilling to take strong measures in the Philippines. A more awkward situation it is difficult to imagine. Spain has her revenge in the legacy of mischief she has left to the new rulers of the Philippines, who will have to coerce the people they desire to befriend.

singer honour. It is pleasant to learn that the financial results were eminently satisfactory. The concert was given under the general direction of Mr. N. Vert.

On Wednesday evening of last week at the Curtius Concert Club, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch gave a Beethoven programme, using on this occasion a restored Broadwood grand, dated 1815. It was, of course, interesting to hear Beethoven's music—Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch gave, among other things, the Moonlight Sonata—played just as the master himself both played and heard it; but the concert did not prove so interesting as others of Mr. Dolmetsch's old-world revivals, because of the admitted fact that Beethoven wrote for the pianoforte, and that the Broadwood of 1815 was a pianoforte in an undeveloped state. In a word, it is likely that Beethoven would have rejoiced to hear his work played on a modern grand. Still the evening was full of interest, and in some respects the music was made to appear in a new and fresh guise, with a more subtle and delicate relation indicated of past with past than it is possible to obtain with the blur of the louder modern instrument. Mr. Douglas Powell sang songs by Beethoven to Mr. Dolmetsch's admirable accompaniments on the same piano.

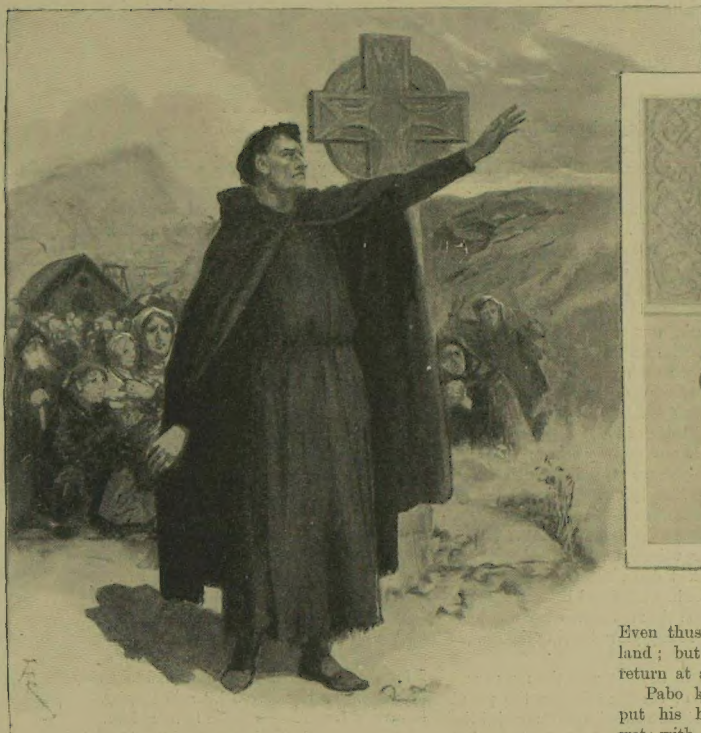
On Thursday of last week Sir Frederick Bridge conducted, at the Albert Hall, a capital performance of "Israel in Egypt," in which Miss Clara Butt, Madame Dumas, Miss Maggie Purvis, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Watkin Mills took parts as soloists. The chorus never surely sang better before, under Sir Frederick Bridge's fine conducting; in fact, we have never heard this choir to nobler advantage. Mr. Black and Mr. Mills were rapturously encored in "The Lord is a Man of War," and they thoroughly deserved all the applause they received.



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HER LAST GLIMPSE OF HOME.

Drawn by Sheridan Knowles.



PABO

THE PRIENT

By S. BARING GOULD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER X.

THE CELL, ON MALLAEN.

At the back of Caio church and village stretches a vast mountain region that extends in tossed and rearing waves of moorland and crag for miles to the north; and indeed, Mynydd Mallaen is but the southern extremity of that chain which extends from Montgomeryshire and Merioneth, and of which Plinlimmon is one of the finest heads.

The elevated and barren waste is traversed here and there by streams—the Cothy, the Camddwr, the Doethie—but these are through restricted and uninhabited ravines. Mynydd Mallaen, the southernmost projection of this range, is a huge bulk united to the main mountain system by a slight connecting ridge, between the gorge of the Cothy and a tributary of the Towy.

North of this extends far the territory of Caio, over barren wilderness, once belonging to the tribe now delimited as a parish some sixteen miles in length.

On leaving the Council-hall, Pabo tarried but for a few minutes in converse with Howel, and then ascended the glen down which brawled the Annell. The flanks of mountain on each side were clothed with heath and heather now fast losing their bells, and were gorgeous with bracken, turned to copper and gold by the touch of the finger of Death.

He pursued his way without pause along the track trodden by those who visited the rock of Cynwyl, where annually the waters were stirred with his staff.

But on reaching this spot, Pabo halted and looked into the eliding water that swirled in the reputed knee-holes worn by the saint in the rocky bed. A pebble was in one, being eddied about, and, notwithstanding the distress of mind in which was Pabo, he did not fail to notice this as an explanation of the origin of the depressions. Dreamy, imaginative though he might be, he had also a fund of common sense.

The spot was lonely and beautiful, away from the strife of men and the noise of tongues. The stillness was broken only by the ripple of the water and the hum of the wind in the dried fern. The evening sun lit up the mountain heights, already glorious with dying fern, with an oriole of incomparable splendour.

The great stone slept where it had lodged beside the stream, and was mantled with soft velvet mosses and dappled with many-coloured lichen. It was upon its summit, doubtless, that the old Apostle had knelt—not in the bed of the torrent, although the folk insisted on the latter, misled by the hollows worn in the rock.

Pabo, moved by an inward impulse, mounted the block, wrenched, like himself, from its proper place and cast far away, never to return to it. Never to return. That thought filled his mind; he need not attempt to delude himself with hopes. The past was gone for ever, with its peace and love and happiness. Peace—broken by the sound of the Norman's steel, happiness departed with it. Love, indeed, might, must remain, but under a new form—no more sweet, but painful, full of apprehensions, full of torture.

Discouragement came over him like the cold dews that were settling in the valley now that the sun was withdrawn. Where the Norman had penetrated thence he would have to depart. The sanctuary had been broken into—and the Angel of Peace, bearing the palm, had spread her wings. He looked aloft: a swan was sailing through the sky, the evening glory turning her silver feathers to gold.

Even thus—even thus—leaving the land; but not, like that swan, to return at another season.

Pabo knelt on that stone. He put his hand to his brow; it was wet with cold drops, just as the

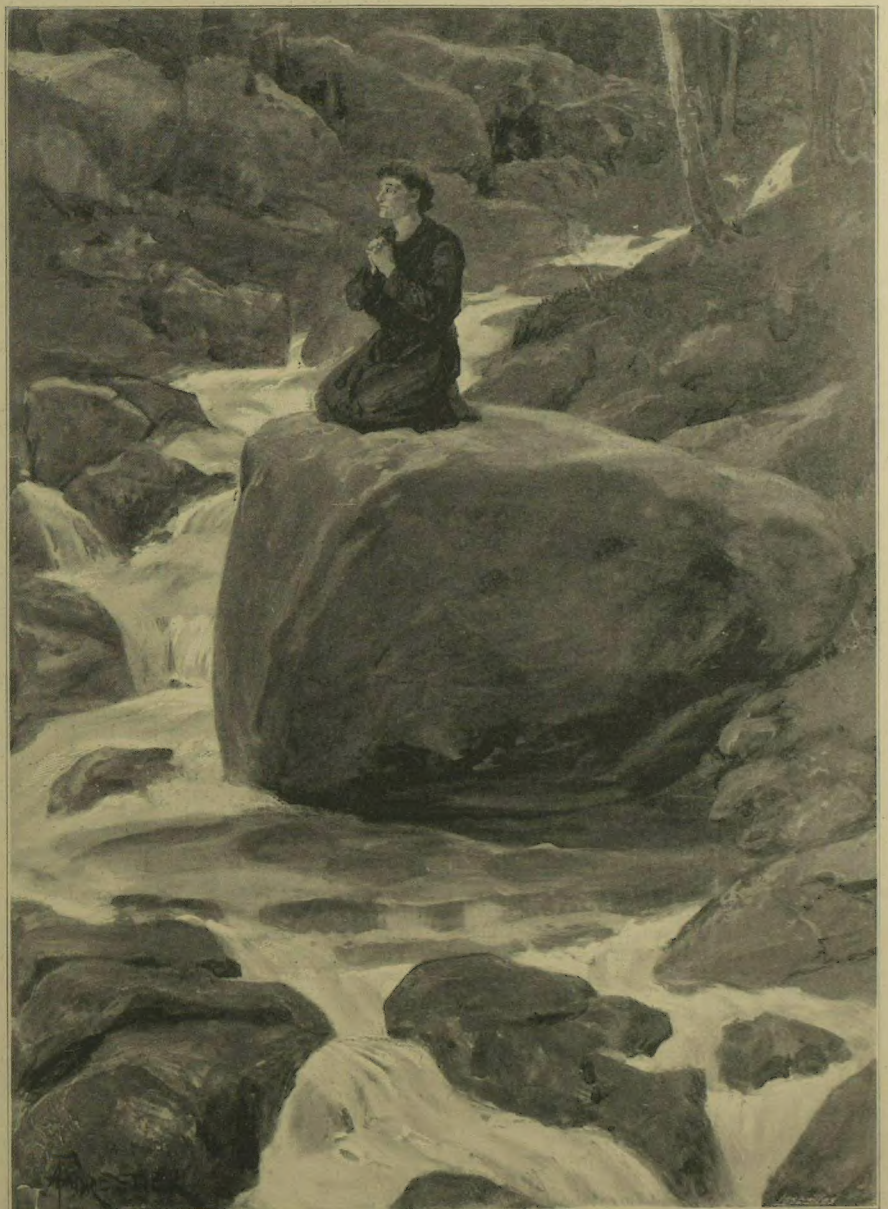
herbage, as the moss, were being also studded with crystal condensations.

He prayed, turning his eyes to the sunlight that

touched the heights to the west; prayed till the ray was withdrawn, and the mountain-head was silvery and no longer golden.

Then, strengthened in spirit, he left the block and resumed his course.

Without telling Howel whither he would betake himself, Pabo had agreed with him on a means of inter-communication in case of emergency. Upon the stone of Cynwyl, Howel was to place one rounded water-worn



Pabo knelt on that stone. . . . He prayed, turning his eyes to the sunlight that touched the heights to the west.

pebble as a token to flee farther into the depths of the mountains, whereas two stones were to indicate a recall to Caio. In like manner was Pabo to express his wants, should any arise.

The refugee now ascended the steep mountain flank, penetrating farther into the wilderness, till at last he reached some fangs of rock, under which was a rude habitation constructed of stones put together without mortar, the interstices stopped with clay and moss.

It leaned against the rock, which constituted one wall of the habitation, and against which rested the rafters of the roof. A furrow had been cut in the rock, horizontally, so as to intercept the rain that ran down the face and divert it on to the incline of the roof.

The door was unfastened and was swaying on its hinges in the wind, with creak and groan. Pabo entered, and was in the cell of the deceased hermit, in which the old man had expended nearly half his life.

A small but unfailling spring oozed from the foot of the rocks, as Pabo was aware, a few paces below the hermitage.

The habitation was certain not to be deficient in supplies of food, and on searching Pabo found a store of grain, a heap of roots, and a quern. There was a hearth on which he might bake cakes, and he found the anchorite's tinder, flint, and steel.

The day had by this time closed in, and Pabo at once endeavoured to light a fire. He had been heated with the steep ascent, but this warmth was passing away, and he felt chilled. At this height the air was colder and the wind keener. There were sticks and dry heather and fern near the hearth, but Pabo failed in all his efforts to kindle a blaze. Sparks flew from the flint, but would not ignite the spongy fungus that served as tinder. It had lain too many days on a stone, and had become damp. After fruitless attempts, Pabo placed the amadou in his bosom, in hopes of drying it by the heat of his body, and drew the hermit's blanket over his shoulders as he seated himself on the bed, which was but a board.

All was now dark within. The window was but a slit in the wall, and was unglazed. The cabin was draughty, for there was not merely the window by which the wind could enter, but the door as well was but imperfectly closed, and in the roof was the smoke-hole.

What a life the hermit must have led in this remote spot! Pabo might have considered that now, feeling this experience, but, indeed, his mind was too fully occupied with his own troubles to give a thought to those of another.

Shivering under the blanket, that seemed to have no warmth in it, he leaned his brow in his hand, and mused on the dangers, distresses, that menaced his tribe, his race, his wife, which he was powerless to avert.

Prince Griffith might raise the standard and rouse to arms, but it was in vain for Pabo to hug himself in the hope of success and freedom for his people by this means. The North of Wales was controlled by a King who had violated the rights of hospitality and betrayed his own kindred. Thus, all Cambria would not rise as one man, and what could one half of the nation do against the enormous power of all England? Do? The hope of the young and sanguine, and the despair of the old and experienced, could lead them to nothing else, but either to retreat among the mountains and there die of hunger and cold, or perish gloriously sword in hand on the battle-field.

Pabo lifted his head, and looked through the gap in the thatch. A cold star was twinkling aloft. A twig of heather, got free from its bands, was blown by the night wind to and fro over the smoke-hole, across the star, now brushing it out, then revealing it again.

The cell was not draughty only, it was also damp. Pabo felt the hearth. It was quite cold. Several days had elapsed since the last sparks on it had expired.

The wind moaned among the rocks, sighed at the window, and piped through the crevices about the door. A snoring owl began its monotonous call. Where it was Pabo could not detect. The sound came now from this side then from that, and next was behind him. It was precisely as though a man—he could not say whether without or within—were in deep stertorous sleep.

Again he endeavoured to strike a light and kindle a fire. Sparks he could elicit, that was all. The fungus refused to ignite.

The cold, the damp, ate into the marrow of his bones. He collected a handful of barley-grains and chewed them, but they proved little satisfying to hunger.

Then he went forth. He must exercise his limbs to prevent them from becoming stiff, must circulate his blood and prevent it from coagulating with frost. He would walk along the mountain crest to where, over the southern edge, he could look down on Caio, on his lost home, on where was his wife—not sleeping, he knew she was not that, but thinking of him.

Wondrous, past expression, is that link of love that binds the man and his wife. Never was a truer word spoken than that which pronounced them to be no more twain, but one flesh. The mother parted from her nursing knows, feels in her breast, in every fibre of her being, when her child is weeping and will not be comforted, though parted from it by miles; an unendurable yearning comes over her to hurry to the wailing infant, to clasp it to her heart and kiss away its tears. And something

akin to this is that mysterious tie that holds together the man and his wife. They cannot live an individual life. He carries the wife with him wherever he be, thinks, feels with, her, is conscious of a double existence fused into a unity, and what is true of the husband is true also of the wife.

It was now with Pabo as though he were irresistibly drawn in the direction of Caio, where he knew that Morwen was watching with tears on her cheeks, her gentle, suffering heart full of him and his desolation and banishment.

The night was clear, there was actually not much wind; but autumn rawness was in the air.

To the west still hung a dying halo, very faint, and the ground, covered with short grass, was dimly white where pearly with dew, each pearl catching something of the starlight from above.

But away, to the south, was a lurid glow, against which the rounded head of Mallaen stood out as ink.

Pabo thrust on his way, running when he could, and anon stumbling over plots of gorse or among stones.

At length he came out upon the brow, Bronffin, and looked down into the broad basin of Caio. Below him was a fire. It had burned itself out, and lay a bed of glowing cinders, with smoke curling above it, lighted and turned red by the reflection of the fire below. Now and then a lambent flame sprang up, and then died away again.

The sound of voices came up from beneath: it was pleasant to Pabo to hear voices, but in his heart was unutterable pain. He looked down on the glowing ruins of his presbytery—where he had lived and been so happy.

Hour after hour he sat on the mountain-edge, watching the slowly contracting and fading glow, hearing the sounds of life gradually die away.

Then above the range to the left rose the moon, and silvered the white ribbon of the Sarn Helen, the paved road of the old Queen of British race who had married the Roman Emperor Maxentius, and illumined the haze that hung over the river-beds, and far away behind Pen-y-ddinas formed a cloud over the two tarns occupying the bottom of the valley.

But all the while Pabo looked only at one and then at another point—this, the fiery reek of his home, that a spot whence shone a small and feeble light—the house of Howel the Tall, beneath whose roof watched and wept his dearest treasure, Morwen. When midnight was overpassed, and none stirred, then did Pabo descend from the heights and approach the ashes of his home. At the glowing embers he dried the tinder. Then he caught up a smouldering brand, turned and reascended the mountain, with the fire from his ruined hearth wherewith to kindle that in his hovel of refuge.

CHAPTER XI.

A MIRACLE.

Had one been on Bronffin, the mountain-brow overhanging Caio, on the following morning, strange would have been the scene witnessed.

Those of the inhabitants who had not fled were engaged in the obsequies of the hermit who had been burned when the presbytery took fire, and whose charred remains had been extricated from the ruins.

The corpse was borne on a bier covered with a white sheet; and men and women accompanied, chanting an undulating wail-like dirge, while the priest from Llan-sawel—a daughter church—preceded the body.

Simultaneously arrived a number of armed men, retainers of the bishop, under the command of his brother, with the chaplain Cadell in their midst, accompanied by the Dean of Llandeilo and his deacon. Rogier had recovered the use of his arm, which was, however, still somewhat stiff in the joint from the blow he had received.

Their arrival disturbed the procession, for the newcomers rode through the train of waiters manifesting supreme indifference with regard to the proceedings.

"Put down yon bier!" ordered Rogier; and then, because none comprehended his words, he made imperious gestures that could not be mistaken. He was obeyed by the bearers, and the mourners parted and stood back, while the armed men filled in about the chaplain and their leader.

Cadell rose in his stirrups and called in Welsh for silence, that he might be heard.

Then, addressing the inhabitants in loud tones, he said: "It is well that ye are present, assembled, without my having to call you together. Ye shall hear what has been decreed. Proceed with the interment of the dead after that. Draw around and give ear."

All obeyed, though slowly, reluctantly.

When Cadell saw that all those of Caio who were gathered to the funeral were within earshot and attention, he said, speaking articulately, in sharp, distinct sentences, raising himself in his stirrups: "His fatherliness, the Bishop of St. David's, by the grace of God and the favour of Henry King of England and Lord Paramount over Wales, in consideration of the disloyal and irreligious conduct of the people inhabiting the so-called Sanctuary of David in Caio, but forming an integral portion of the patrimony of the see when he, their father and their lord, visited the place but recently, and above all, because the Archpriest did resist him, and further, did not shun to lift up his sacrilegious hand against him, his father in God, and inasmuch as in the divine law communicated to man from

Sinai, it is commanded that he who smiteth his father shall surely be put to death, therefore he, their lord and bishop, in exercise of his just and legal rights, doth require *imprimis*: That the said Archpriest, Pabo by name, shall surrender his person to be tried and sentenced by the Court ecclesiastical, then to be handed over to the secular court for execution; and, further, that he be esteemed *ipso facto* and from this present inhibited from the discharge of any sacred office, and shall be destituted of all and singular benefices that he may hold in the Menevian diocese, and that he be formally degraded from his sacerdotal character, by virtue of the authority hereby committed to me."

Then Howel the Tall stood forth, and approaching the chaplain, said, "Good master Cadell, this matter hath already been decided and taken out of the province of thy master. Pabo, Archpriest and hereditary chieftain of the tribe of Caio, hath, as saith the Scripture, escaped out of the snare of the fowler. We are even now engaged in the celebration of his obsequies. You have interrupted us as we were about to commit his ashes to the ground."

"How so!" exclaimed the chaplain, taken aback. "Pabo is not dead?"

"Look around thee," answered Howel. "Behold how that fire hath destroyed the presbytery and at the same time hath consumed him who lay therein."

"It was the judgment of God!" cried Cadell. "The manifest judgment of God against the man who lifted his hand against his spiritual father. Did the lightning flash from heaven to slay him?"

"That I cannot affirm," said Howel.

"Heaven has manifestly and miraculously interposed," said the chaplain, dismounting. In a few words he informed his attendants of what had taken place.

"It is to be regretted," said Rogier. "I had hoped to carry a faggot, wherewith to roast him."

"It soundeth passing strange," said another.

"It is a miracle," persisted Cadell. "God is with us and against those who resist the bishop. This shall be everywhere proclaimed."

"I do not see that as a miracle it was necessary," said Rogier. "For we would have burnt him all the same."

"But," said the chaplain, "it was the will of Heaven to reveal that it is wrath with this people, and is on our side."

Rogier shrugged one shoulder.

"I will have a look at him and satisfy myself," said he, strode to the bier, and plucked aside the sheet.

All recoiled at the object revealed—a human being burnt to a cinder.

"By the soul of the Conqueror," said the bishop's brother, "methought he had been a man of more inches."

"He is shrunken with the fire," explained the chaplain.

"I would I could be certain it is he," said Rogier.

"We will subject them to an oath," said Cadell. "If it be he, then, assuredly, his wife—that woman whom he called his wife—will not be far away."

"She is the chief mourner," said Howel.

Then he took Morwen by the hand and led her forward. "She is here."

"Ah, ha! my pretty wench!" said Rogier, "praise Heaven that thou art released from thy loman. We may find thee a better man, and not one that wears the cassock."

"Come hither," said the chaplain; "I desire thee to take the strictest and most solemn oath that he who there lieth charred as a burned log is none other than Pabo the Archpriest, whom thou didst call thy husband. What be the chiefest relics here?" he asked, looking round.

"We have but the staff of Cynwyl; but that is mighty and greatly resorted to," said Howel.

"Where is it? Bring it hither."

"I am the custodian of the relic," said Morgan ap David. "But it is not customary to produce it unless it be attended and treated with all reverence."

"Take with you whom you will," said the chaplain impatiently. "Faugh! cast again the pall over it."

Morgan chose Howel and another, and they departed towards the church.

After a few moments' delay they returned, Morgan in the centre, bearing the staff.

"Lay it on the corpse," said Cadell.

"Have a care," said Howel, with a curve in the lip. "That staff has been known to have raised the dead to life again."

"It were well it did so now," laughed Rogier, when Cadell, somewhat dashed, interpreted what had been said.

"I faith, I would be glad to have a hand in the second burning of him."

"Hath it really done so?" asked the chaplain.

"There was Ewan the son of Morgan ap Rees who fell from a tree," said Howel, "and he lay stone dead. Then, full of faith, his mother cried out for the staff of Cynwyl, and lo! when it was laid on the lad he opened his eyes and spoke."

"Hold it above the body," said the chaplain, "one at each end, so as not to touch, and in such wise let the woman take oath."

Again was the linen sheet removed, and now Morgan and an attendant sacristan held the relic—one at the head,

the other at the foot—that it was above the body, yet not touching it; only the shadow fell upon it.

"Go thrice round it," enjoined Morgan, signing with his head to Morwen; "Thrice from left to right, with the sun, then lay thine hand on the staff and take the required oath."

Morwen shuddered, but she obeyed, though pale as death. When she had made the third circuit she was forced, shrinking and with averted head, to approach the dead man. Then Cadell said in a loud voice, "Lay thy hand thereon and say these words: 'I take oath before God and Cynwyl, before the saints and angels in heaven, in the face of sun and moon and all men here present, that this is the dead body of Pabo, late Archpriest—whom thou didst esteem as thy husband.'"

Then Morwen repeated, mechanically, the first words of adjuration, but added, in place of what Cadell had recited: "I take oath that if this be not Pabo, the Archpriest, and my husband, I know not where he is."

"That sufficeth," said Cadell. "And now," he spoke aloud, turning to the assistants, "seeing that this man hath manifestly died by the just judgment of God,

now accompanying me shall have free quarters and entertainment for themselves and their beasts among you."

His words filled all with dismay. None answered.

Then said Rogier laughingly: "I' faith, while Providence punished the late Archpriest, it did not mightily favour the incomer, for it hath consumed his presbytery."

"The hall still standeth," said Cadell sternly. "Are we to question the ways of Heaven!"

"Ods life," pursued Rogier mockingly, "who would ever have considered my brother a saint, and one to be sustained by miracles; and he, but the other day, as great a Jew in grinding the peasants, and wringing the blood from their noses, as any son of Abraham. By the paunch of the Conqueror—and taking tithe and toll therefrom to his own benefit! Well! If Heaven be not nice in whom it proclaims as saints, there is good hope for such as me."

Somewhat later, the new Archpriest indited the following letter to his ecclesiastical superior—

"Cadell, Archpriest of Caio, to Bernard, Lord Bishop

him and all his house, whereof we are witnesses—to wit, thy brother Rogier, the Dean of Llandeilo, and all thy servants and the people of Caio, as well as my unworthy self, thy servant, who beheld him—the transgressor—burned as a charred log, blasted by Heaven. And forasmuch as he perished by the judgment of God, I have bidden give to him but the burial of an ass.

"Be this known unto all men, and it will mightily extend the fear of thee, and dissuade men from temerously resisting thy just authority, whether in the diocese or throughout Wales."

When the chaplain had written this, as he sealed it, he said to Rogier, "It is so wonderful, he will hardly credit it."

"My good Cadell," replied the Norman adventurer, "I know my brother better even than do you. He is so inordinately vain that he would believe if you told him that the sun and moon had bowed down to worship him. But I—whether I believe this, that is another matter."

"But I believe it—that I solemnly affirm," said Cadell. "And, further, do you not recollect that his fatherliness



Then Morwen repeated, mechanically, the first words of adjuration

and to the notable confirmation of the authority of Bernard, the bishop, I declare that he be treated as one excommunicate, and be not buried within consecrated ground."

The people of Caio murmured and looked at one another disconcerted.

Then Howel went among them and whispered a few words. Cadell did not observe him; he was intent on speaking once more. That he might be the better heard, he remounted his horse.

"Inhabitants of the sanctuary and of the tribe of Caio," said he, in the same distinct and sharp tones as before. "I have something further to add. *Secundo*: Inasmuch as the Archpriest Pabo hath manifestly perished by the interposition of Heaven, thus obviating his deposition as purposed, now his fatherliness, Bernard, Bishop of Menevia, is graciously pleased to nominate and present me, unworthy, to fill his room; in token whereof, the Dean of Llandeilo accompanies, so as straightway to induct me into all the offices, benefices, spirituals that were possessed by Pabo, the late Archpriest. *Tertio*: And inasmuch as the people of the territory and tribe of Caio did resist and mutinously assail the servants of the bishop, he imposes on them a fine of a mark in silver per house, great and small, to be collected and paid within one month from this day, until which time his attendants

of St. David's, sendeth humbly greeting, with much filial affection.

"This is to inform your fatherliness that it has pleased Heaven—which is wondrous in the saints—to vindicate thy sanctity in a very special and marvellous manner. It is now many hundred years ago since David, the holy, founded the bishopric of Menevia, and primacy over all Cambria; and it is said he was thereto ordained and appointed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Now it is a notable fact that there was a certain Boia, a chief of the land, who mightily opposed him. Then fell fire from Heaven in the night, and consumed Boia and his wife and all that he had, in witness thereto remaineth the Cleggyr Voia, his ruined and burnt castle, unto this day. Since then many have been the bishops who have sat in the seat of David, and many also have been those who have opposed them. The Northmen have slain some, and have expelled others, yet did not Heaven interfere in their behalf. Nevertheless, no sooner art thou, Bernard, appointed and consecrated to this see, than have thy right and thy holiness been vindicated miraculously in the sight of all. For the Archpriest and chief Pabo did oppose thee even as did Boia oppose David. And each was smitten in the same way. Manifestly in the sight of all men, fire fell from Heaven and consumed him who sacrilegiously lifted his hand against thee,

the bishop did threaten as much, when he was here, and the Archpriest withstood him? 'Can I not send lightning to consume thee?' was what he said, and lo! it has fallen even as he menaced."

To be continued

It is announced that the Government, acting upon the recommendation of the military authorities, intend to secure the attainment of a higher standard of efficiency among Volunteers than has hitherto been required. The number of annual drills which must be attended in order that a man may earn the capitation grant is to be raised, and shooting and target practice will have to receive more strenuous attention. More frequent attendance at the range, and the expenditure of a larger number of rounds of cartridges will, of course, be the necessary consequence, and naturally a higher average of marksmanship will be required. Increase of the strength of the various regiments forms no part of the present programme, but a general raising of the standard of discipline follows as a foregone conclusion from the contemplated changes in existing regulations. It is also thought probable that, concomitantly with the raising of the standard, the value of the capitation grant will be increased. The extra tax upon the time of our Volunteers will no doubt be loyally agreed to.



SCENES IN SIERRA LEONE: WITH CAPTAIN CARLETON'S COLUMN TO FALABA.

FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT RANBAUT, R.A.

The column left Freetown on December 9, 1898, and expected to reach Falaba on January 1. The route lay through dense bush, which, however, was no protection from the sun. The seven-pounder gun, carried in sections by the new West African Regiment, could be put together and fired by the native gunners in twenty-five seconds.



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG: TORCHLIGHT DEMONSTRATION AT SCHLOSS FRIEDENSTERN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Milton Prior.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: LAKE BENNETT, AND SITE OF STATION ON THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY.

The travellers encamped to await the breaking up of the ice lower down, which would enable them to start for Dawson City. In the picture a steamer is seen in course of construction. The boats were nearly all built on the spot by the adventurers.



"BILLETED": AN UNWELCOME VISIT IN POLAND.

During the winter months smuggling prevails on the Polish frontier of Russia, as the frost prevents the peasants following their ordinary avocations, and the long cold nights offer many facilities for the contraband traffic in spirits, silks, and velvets. At this season of the year the number of troops on the frontier is largely increased, and, owing to the insufficient accommodation offered by the guard-houses, many of the men have to be billeted upon the peasants. For the troops these Polish peasants have the most lively hatred, and the welcome they extend is far from cordial, as not only have they to provide accommodation for the men and horses, but they themselves are of necessity under a constant and irksome supervision. The soldiers make themselves as comfortable as possible with the family in the one room of the house, but the same apartment is also often shared by the peasant's dogs and stock of pigs.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Mr. Walter Long is in favour of a "war-chest of corn." National granaries are not alien to his policy as President of the Board of Agriculture, although he thinks that the Navy of England will always be able to protect the transport to England of her food supplies. Perhaps; but a corn-ring in America, or even in Russia, in time of war, is a possibility which it is always well to bear in mind.

A notable leader among women-workers has passed away in Mrs. Joseph Parker, wife of the eminent preacher of the City Temple. Mrs. Parker, who had been for some time



THE LATE MRS. JOSEPH PARKER IN HER GARDEN.

in indifferent health, expired at Hampstead on Jan. 24. The deceased lady, who was married to Dr. Joseph Parker some thirty years ago, threw herself with enthusiasm into her husband's work, rendering invaluable assistance, in particular, to the musical portion of the service at the City Temple. In the choir she was a familiar and welcome figure. Very often Mrs. Parker took part in duets; occasionally she sang alone. In elocution, as well as in singing, she was accomplished, and her talents were loyally placed at the service of every good cause. At the initiation of the dinner-hour concerts her voice was often heard. She was likewise proficient in painting. Mrs. Parker belonged to Sunderland, and was a daughter of Mr. Andrew Common, J.P. The deepest sympathy is felt for Dr. Parker in the irreparable loss that has befallen him.

Those who travel by 'bus along the Bayswater Road cannot fail to note the tiny cemetery in the extreme west nook of Hyde Park, where, close to the iron railing and in the rear of a keeper's cottage, repose the remains of faithful dogs whose good fortune it was in life to have wealthy friends. We remember one of these departed Pilos, a pug, whose tail was coiled in a knot, and whose fond mistress complained that her champion was in the habit of challenging any dog he met and leaving his amiable owner to fight his battles, while he took refuge in the folds of her dress. As to the custodian of the ground, wild horses would not draw from him the identity of the dogs' owners, but the writer, if he chose, could name not a few of them. The epitaphs are curious and sometimes original.

The "inhabitants of Hindhead" have held a peace meeting in Hindhead Hall; and if the numbers of persons attending were not great, the company was an influential one by other ways of reckoning. One of the many residents of Hindhead, whose names are known far beyond the borders of that favoured Surrey village is Dr. Conan Doyle, and he it was who took the chair last Saturday evening. Enthusiasm for war he spoke of as a sentiment easy to rouse, but enthusiasm for peace a profoundly difficult one. The Czar's Rescript, he thought, gave moderate people a fine opportunity for a step towards the realisation of the Peace Rescript the world first heard of nineteen hundred years ago. Dr. Conan Doyle, who said that we wanted for old-age pensions the money we now spend upon increase of armaments, was followed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who favoured the establishment of an international arbitration council, to be joined by the Great Powers, who would thenceforth use their combined forces against any

dissidents. But the Great Powers are great only by reason of public opinion, and public opinion is not always in a mood to accept a hostile verdict even from a court of arbitration.

London once had a great fire, and may have another yet again. She may, indeed, have four great fires on at once, and how is she prepared for that conflagration? That is a question which ought to be kept in view. Meanwhile, good luck has allowed great fires to be fought singly by the united Fire-Brigade branches under the personal direction of their captain. During last year, as Commander Wells now reports, there were about ten fires a day, of which hardly one a day was "serious." In about 160 cases life was endangered; in about half that number it was lost, the victims numbering some ninety all told. The strength of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is now 911 firemen, together with about 200 other persons in employ as clerks and labourers. It has sixty-one stations on land and four on the river. It has 213 hand fire-escapes and eleven long ladders. All this it has in men and materials; but the question is whether it ought not to have vastly more.

Mr. Rhodes rested the other evening from the cares of trans-continental railway promotion, and, transferring his attention from great means of locomotion to a great resting-place, accompanied Lord Rowton on a visit to one of his Lordship's huge lodging-houses. The establishment at Newington Butts was the one chosen for inspection, and the distinguished visitor made the tour of the splendid dining-halls, reading-rooms, library, and kitchen. Mr. Rhodes declared that he was astonished and delighted at what he saw. His presence was shortly noised abroad, and excited the liveliest interest.

The Reverend Robert Brindle, whom Cardinal Vaughan has chosen as his Bishop Auxiliary, has just ended a long and rather glorious career as an Army chaplain. "Best beloved of Army chaplains," Mr. George Stevens calls him in his account of the Kitchener campaign. Lord Kitchener, too, mentioned him in the despatches, just as Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood had done on past occasions. A Bishop is a decorated official in any case, but on "collar days" the new Auxiliary will be able to add to his episcopal purple the variegated colours of nearly a dozen military stars and ribbons and medals. He belongs to the Distinguished Service Order, and his retiring pension of some £600 a year will not be an unwelcome addition to the humble revenues which belong to the bishoprics of a missionary church.

Pope Leo XIII. is always particularly agreeable to Englishmen. They stand next to Frenchmen in the venerable Pontiff's personal preferences. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, had they been "Most Catholic" royalties, could not have had a more cordial welcome than that accorded to them on Saturday at the Vatican. Inquiries after Queen Victoria always open well the Pontiff's interviews with English visitors, particularly with members of her own family. The same year, 1837, saw Peci become a Bishop and Victoria a Queen, so that they had Golden Jubilee years together in 1887, in commemoration whereof the Queen sent to the Pope a golden ewer which he uses at the *Lavabo* of his daily Mass, and the Pope to the Queen a mosaic specially made for her in the factory of the illimitable Vatican. When Peci was Nuncio at Brussels, at the Court of the widower of Princess Charlotte, he often heard of the affairs of England, and in 1846, coming to London, he attended a reception at Buckingham Palace, at which he saw the Queen, though he was not specially presented to her. He has, however, since then received one after another of the sons and daughters of her Majesty; and none belonging to other families have had a kinder welcome or have left behind them memories over which the aged Pope more loves to linger.

A spell of skating, however short, leaves its memorial tombstones behind it in England. Two young men drowned in a reservoir near St. Helen's; two little boys drowned together, their bodies clasped in an embrace when recovered, at Sledmere, Yorks; two men of middle age drowned in a clay-pit near Liverpool; two youths drowned near Burnley; and two boys drowned in a pond near Carrickfergus, County Antrim—these are the records of one melancholy morning, where skaters and sliders all went to their death by the breaking of the ice, in twos and twos.

The workman's penny, multiplied by millions a year, is an important factor in the finances of the London railways, whether they run over or under the ground. The traffic it involves is, of course, confined to specified hours. It comes, therefore, with a rush, and overcrowding is the sure result. But the comfort of the wearied artisan is hardly to be secured by pushing him into a carriage in which he has to stand packed between two



THE DOGS' CEMETERY IN HYDE PARK.

Photo, Mr. W. Chetick.

rows of seated passengers almost as cramped and incommoded as he is himself. In a sort of way the question is one of the housing of the working classes, who spend so many minutes or, in some cases, hours a day in the railway train; and the committee of that department in the London County Council has made a careful inquiry into the question, and has been in communication with the Board of Trade about the provisions of the Cheap Trains Act of 1883. Meanwhile, travellers themselves are in consultation, and, so far as Parliament is concerned, their case could hardly be in better

hands than those of Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P.

The rival claimants to the Poulett peerage have done with "inter-views," and their case must be left for settlement to the lawyers. The elder claimant, Viscount Hinton, who has made his living lately as an organ-grinder, and whose claims have elicited con-



Photo. Bullingham.

THE HON. WILLIAM JOHN LYDSTON POULETT,
Eldest son of the late Earl Poulett's third marriage.

considerable popular sympathy, was the son of his father's first wife, and was born six months after the wedding ceremony. The younger claimant, the Hon. W. J. L. Poulett, a son by his father's third wife, was born in 1883, and had the late Earl's recognition as his rightful heir. The dispute turns on a question of legitimacy, as to which neither lawyers nor doctors in England appear to be able to agree. Meanwhile, Viscount Hinton has become an object of much curiosity in the vicinity of Henry's Buildings, Clerkenwell, where the organ-grinder is already proudly spoken of by his fellow-tenants as "the noble Earl." The tenants on the family estates at Hinton St. George, near Crewkerne, await events as placidly as does the rest of the public. Hinton House, in Somersetshire, dates from the time of Henry VII. The garden front was designed by Inigo Jones. The park extends to about six hundred acres.

Mr. John Hare, at the annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club the other night, was more outspoken in his statement of preferences than after-dinner speakers usually are. Prosperity, he said, sometimes made "the actor imagine himself a much greater object of interest to the world than he really is." Then he spoke of Ibsen, with diffidence, he said,



Photo. Hoskins, Charn.

HINTON ST. GEORGE, THE SEAT OF EARL POULETT: LOOKING EAST.

but certainly with courage. "Personally," he confessed, "I have no belief in those faddists and cranks who from time to time spring up in every art to disturb the existing state of things by mere audacity and eccentricity." When Mr. Hare added, "As an original genius I admire Ibsen, but as an acting playwright I frankly detest him," he did not say quite what he meant, but at least one easily knows what he means—it is Ibsen, and not himself that Mr. Hare describes as an original genius. "One drop of Ibsen in a wine-glassful of Pinero" is the brew which Mr. Hare, an experienced taster indeed, finally commends. Dramatists have here a prescription to their hands.



HINTON ST. GEORGE, CREWKERNE.



A LAST RESOURCE.

Drawn by Hal Hunt.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Catherine Gl... By Edwin A. Pratt. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)
Papers... By H. Dorey Browne. (Elkin Mathews.)
The Singers. By H. W. Longfellow. With Etchings by Arthur Robertson. (Elkin Mathews.)
A Triple Entanglement. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
A House-placed Thru. By Jessie Mansorah. (James Dowden.)
Walden Valley. By Mrs. Murray Hickson. New Edition. (James Dowden.)
Adventures in Wallpug Land. By G. E. Barrow. (Methuen.)
Highways and Byways in North Wales. By A. G. Bradley. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thompson. (Macmillan.)
The Last Days of Very Rhyde Shakes. By Dr. Guido Bongi. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Catherine Gladstone" is a tribute to one of the most single-minded philanthropists of our time. Due recognition is given to the wonderful devotion of Mrs. Gladstone to her great husband through a long and happy but very responsible married life; and perhaps even too much prominence is given to her own political work, seeing that her interest in that was always a subordinate one, and that she was, as the president of a political association, rather a useful symbol than an influence. But where her strong personality asserted itself was in her persistent efforts to organise refuges and industrial homes for poor women and children. Too much praise cannot be given to her untiring and most unostentatious work in that direction, and Mr. Pratt has gathered and related the facts about her labours in a way to prove both his industry and his good taste.

Perhaps we smiled complacently at the sallies in prose and verse as we thumbed the leaves of *Punch*. But turned out into the cold world to fend for themselves, the smiles they will meet will not be complacent. There is an agile enough professional humour about them; but of genuine fun hardly anything at all. Probably they owe their unhappy separate publication to the illustrations by Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mr. Partridge.

In "The Singers" both letters and illustrations are etched. One sees an evident desire and some effort to make a book worthy of the favourite verses of Longfellow, "God sent His singers upon earth." But the result is not good. A feeble, untrained hand has drawn the designs, and there is not much pleasure to be got out of mere intentions.

In "A Triple Entanglement," a clever enough story, the writer and the reader are not in agreement. Mrs. Harrison is bent on turning our attention on a set of prosperous persons, on their travels, troubles, and love affairs, while all the time our interest is only caught by the villain of the piece, and we run through the pages merely to catch sight of him in his erratic career. The others are snug even in their troubles. Algy is a sorry creature, even a sorry villain; but coming of a bad stock, ill brought up, with evil or feeble influences all about him in his youth, he does still make some kind of fight with fate for a place in the world. It ends miserably, but his little gleams of success as a singer seem triumphs when the circumstances are known; and we frustrate the good author's intentions by caring very little for the respectable destiny of the nice young lady he luckily failed to win, in comparison with his own sordid failure.

In "A Rose-Coloured Thread" a common theme is treated with a freshness and sympathy that would reawake a reader's interest no matter how exhausted by previous tame statements of just the same situation. A pleasant-mannered, good-natured man makes love to a plain, dowdy woman, whose lines have fallen in hard places, partly to see what is in her and partly because it is his instinct to be kind. The woman responds with the warmth of a rich nature long frozen and repressed. And then his real mate comes along—an elegant, beautiful, imperious woman, the love of his youth, too. It is convenient to this queen that he should adore her now, and her convenience is a law to her world. Besides, he inclines unto elegance. He is a man of honour, and the task before him is a hard one. The queen behaves with regal superciliousness, but the dowdy woman carries off all the honours of dignity, though she remains a shabby, starveling little object to the end. The staging and the conception of the characters are excellent, and we have nothing but praise for this capable and wholesome story.

Mrs. Hickson has surely drawn Teddy from life, and with a clever, steady hand. He is an excellent type of the younger English schoolboy. Perhaps a trifle above the average in manners and brains, he is unrivalled in obstinate pride, and has all the pride in athletics, the scorn of sentiment, the contempt for girls, and the blankness of imagination we so rejoice to see in our young barbarians. A wholesome, amusing, and healthily commonplace little chap, sure to turn out a credit to his country, is Teddy. But why does Mrs. Hickson make the boy stammer? He does not even stammer funny; he just stammers. The adventures and conversations between himself, his brother, and his girl cousin are so brightly, naturally related that young folks will be drawn to the book. But we shall be surprised if grown-up readers do not appreciate Teddy most of all.

Of all the successors of the immortal "Alice," the Wallpug books have won the heartiest welcome from children. This, the third of the series, strikes us as the best. In any case, young readers need fear no falling off in a volume written to record the travels of the author in a land where the unexpected is always happening, "where one is as likely as not to receive an invitation to an evening party from an ostrich, or is expected to escort an elderly rhinoceros in to dinner." His Wallpug Majesty is a pathetic figure, but the high-prisms of the other nonsense personages keep one's tender emotions wholesomely in check. The pictures by Mr. Alan Wright are capital.

In Mr. Bradley's opinion, "Wales has been badly smothered, not in a material sense," but "its heroic age has been ignored and its people, even in more prosaic times, much misunderstood and undervalued." Hence this book,

a very delightful book for the sojourner in Wales or for anyone with an undefined holiday in prospect. There is a kind of geographical plan in it, but no other. Description and local lore; legends and practical information; dissertations on the Church and on Dissent, on politics and music; gossip, anecdotes, extracts from old chronicles and memoirs, are found here on genial and neighbourly terms with each other. Together they make up that most kindly of books, one that you can read backwards, if you so desire. It is a collection of readable bits, with no haughty unaccommodating whole about it. But in a work of this kind the illustrations count for much, and Mr. Pennell's and Mr. Thomson's sketches are particularly attractive. They have not tried to modify their separate styles to give a useless unity to the book, and their individuality, joined to the very varied character of Mr. Bradley's text, have produced a result in which there is much interest and no monotony at all.

The "new details from unpublished documents," given in this little volume by an eminent Italian scholar, are not very numerous or very important. They concern mostly the circumstances attending the accident to the *Ariel*, and the actual spot of the cremation of the poet's body. Dr. Biagi has ransacked the archives of Lucca, Florence, and Leghorn, and has made searching inquiries of old fisherfolk at Viareggio who were present at the burning of the remains. On the beach at Viareggio, between the Asylum and the Pineta, about two hundred and fifty metres from the sea, lies the spot. The result of all the searching does not amount to much, but love will take great pains for accuracy. To make his matter fill a book, Dr. Biagi has culled from Dowden and Trelawney, and from letters of Hunt and Mary Shelley, and from these has compiled a consecutive account of the last days of the poet before he set off with Williams in the ill-fated *Ariel*.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, Feb. 1, 1899.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Hall Caine, with permission to publish conveyed in a postscript. It will, I am sure, interest many of my readers—

Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.
 27 Jan., 1899.

My dear S—, You ask me can I give you any information about my story "The Drunkard," "who publishes it, and how." After all that has been said about my story under this title, and about my proposed methods of publishing it, it may be a shock to you to hear that no such story, no such subject, no such title, and no such methods of publishing have ever for one instant had any place in my plans. You will ask me why I have not contradicted a report which has gone so far? For the same reason that I have not contradicted a hundred other reports concerning my doings, or supposed doings—because it is impossible to rectify every error, and if you correct one out of many you seem by implication to authenticate all the rest. Moreover, my experience has been that it is worse than useless to contradict an erroneous statement. If a lie is spicy enough it will go far, and no denial in the world will overtake it. Four or five years ago somebody told the public that I thought "all women inferior to all men." This wise word being nearly the opposite of my belief I contradicted the report, but the contradiction was never heard of by anybody, and the lie went on poisoning for me that part of the public which I desired beyond any other. Two years ago somebody else said that by authorising an "interview" some days before the publication of my last book I was attempting to advertise my own work. This being the exact reverse of what I had really done I asked the interviewer to explain that I had expressly forbidden the publication of the interview until five days after the publication of the book, but nobody took any heed of the explanation, and the first statement went on and on. A month ago some irreverent humorist announced that I had likened my face to the face of Christ, and though the jest was too foolish and too blasphemous for notice I was foolish enough to notice it, but no one regards my denial and the lie still lives and flourishes. Unlike these reports the report you refer to is quite harmless, and only silly in the supposition that any man who knows the public as I ought to know it would call his book by a name so stupid and impossible; but though you should publish this contradiction (as you are welcome to do) I know I shall read in the books of reference for the year 1900 that in 1899 I published a story called "The Drunkard."

The moral seems to be that it is folly to contradict anything. The more reason there is to contradict an erroneous statement the less wisdom there is in contradicting it.

With thanks and greeting,

My dear S—,

HALL CAINE.

The most interesting event of the week has been the publication of the one-thousandth number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The occasion is celebrated by an issue of double the usual size and by a remarkable variety of contents. Mr. Andrew Lang opens with a poem entitled "Our Fathers," which breathes the characteristic suggestion that those days of eighty years ago, when the mighty Christopher reigned over *Blackwood*, or partially reigned, were, if anything, better days than our own. There is a story by Mr. Joseph Conrad, and a very beautiful idyll, entitled "The Madonna of the Peach-Tree," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The last clearly indicates that the reputation made by Mr. Hewlett through his "Forest Lovers" will be maintained. The appearance of this number, under the editorship of the ever courteous Mr. William Blackwood, is an event of which that historic house has a right to be proud, and the congratulations on all sides have been most warm. It should turn many people to a perusal, or a repusal, of Mrs. Oliphant's interesting account of the foundation of the magazine, as told by her in "William Blackwood and His Sons," the book of which the two volumes were passing through the press at the time of her death. Mrs. Oliphant's own "Memoirs," by the way, are to emanate from the Blackwood house.

There is something additionally pleasant in literary enterprise when it comes from an old-established firm, and I am glad to see in Messrs. Blackwood's advertisement list not only many interesting announcements of forthcoming books—as, for example, the first volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation,"

and a new "History of German Literature," by Mr. John G. Robertson—but the preliminary intimation of a series worthy of the firm which was the first to initiate the "literary series" in this country. We have had the "English Men of Letters," "The Great Writers," and a hundred other series, but let it not be forgotten that the first series of all was the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" of Messrs. Blackwood—a collection of books that gave many of us immense delight in our youth. Now we are to have from Messrs. Blackwood a "Modern English Writers" series, and here is a list of some of the early volumes—

STEVENSON. By L. Cope Cornford. MATTHEW ARNOLD. By Professor Saintsbury.
 TENNYSON. By Andrew Lang. FROUDE. By John Oliver Hobbes.
 RUSKIN. By Mrs. Meynell. HUXLEY. By Edward Clodd.
 GEORGE ELIOT. By Sidney Lee. THACKERAY. By Charles Whitley.
 BROWNING. By Augustine Birrell. DICKENS. By W. E. Henley.

Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and Stevenson have already been made the subjects of brief monographs, and it is rather pathetic to think that at least one of those who have become subjects for biography has himself written biographies of others in a similar series. Professor Huxley, for example, wrote on Hume in the "English Men of Letters" series, Mr. Froude wrote on Bunyan, and Mr. R. L. Stevenson was desirous of writing on Clough in the same series. I hope that Messrs. Blackwood will see their way to extend the series to writers less distinctly modern. Provided that a critic of the right measure of discernment is selected, there is always room for a new point of view every ten or fifteen years. We read these "English Men of Letters" volumes with delight when we were young. The new generation probably does not read them, but would read similar studies of Byron, Scott, Swift, and Defoe if written by the light of the new material that has accumulated in the interval.

The *Daily Chronicle* has published a column article on the identity of Fiona Macleod. The writer, with considerable skill, endeavours to prove that Fiona Macleod and Mr. William Sharp are one and the same person. If this be the case, one must congratulate Mr. William Sharp on the modesty which has led him for some years now, without any apparent reason, to lose whatever personal triumph may be associated with the recognition of so much beautiful work. The *Chronicle* brings many evidences of style to indicate that Mr. Sharp has a somewhat similar vocabulary to that of Fiona Macleod. It would be easier for me, however, to believe that "Fiona Macleod" was a pseudonym that represented the joint work of Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp. For example, in the current number of *Literature* there is a poem entitled "The Crimson Moon," signed by Fiona Macleod. That, I think, must have been written by a woman. No importance, of course, need be attached to the fact that Mr. Sharp has always declared that Fiona Macleod was a cousin of his own, and that he has shown his friends the portraits of an exceedingly pretty woman as representing her. Mr. Sharp has also given very adequate reasons for his friends why Fiona Macleod should preserve her incognito, reasons that it would not be fair to make public. Of course Mr. Sharp may not care even now to enlighten us, and it can scarcely be disputed that he is entitled to please himself. It has always been understood ever since the most virtuous of authors, Sir Walter Scott, denied, "with oaths and with curses," that he was the author of the *Waverley Novels*, that a writer has a perfect right to tell any number of—shall we say?—"white lies" to conceal his identity. I announced the other day at least three or four forthcoming works by Mr. William Sharp. Should the name of Fiona Macleod be one with his, this indeed should be the psychological moment for him to acknowledge the identity. We should read these new books with additional zest were they published with this double reputation behind them.

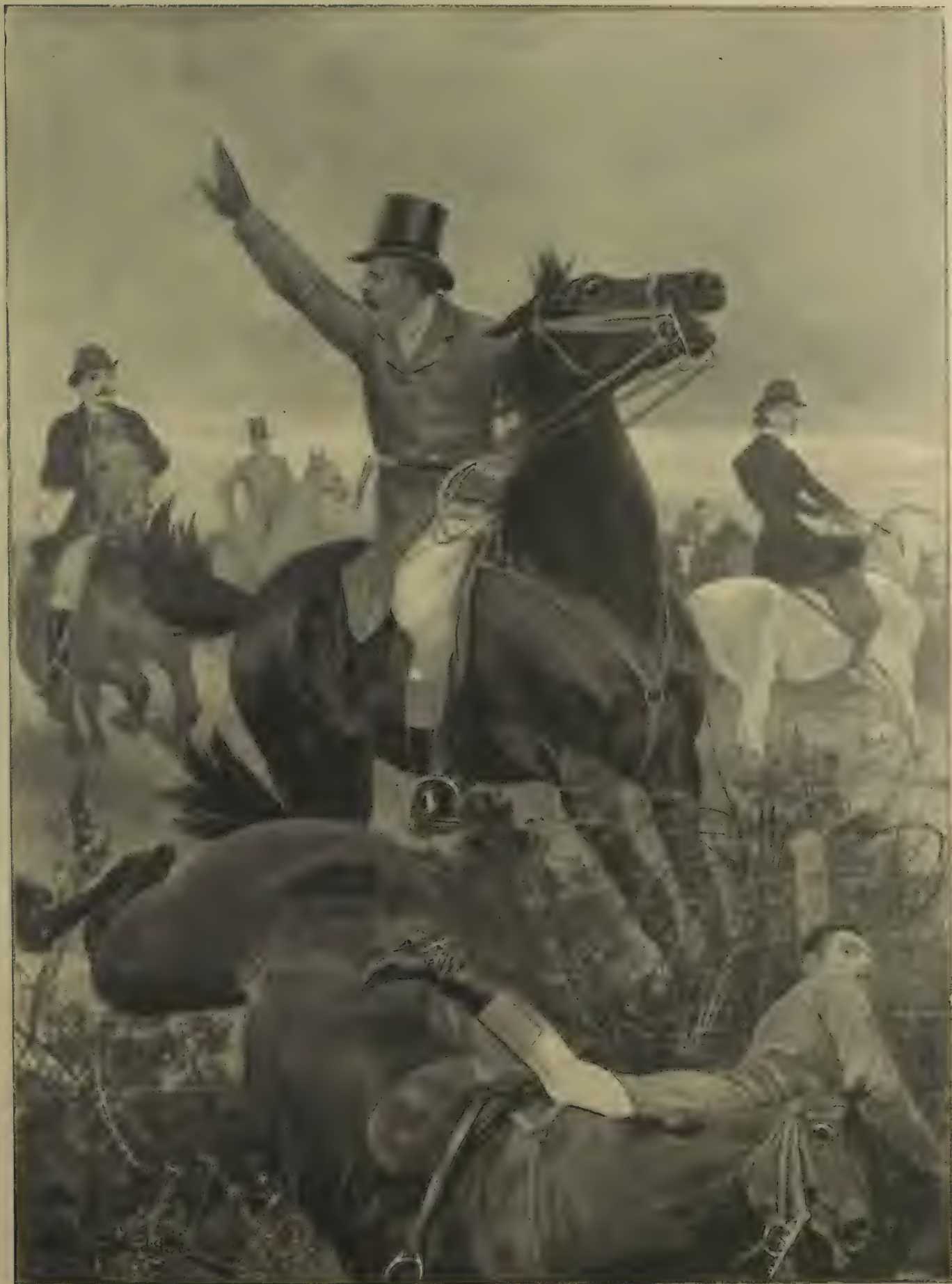
Messrs. Methuen have at last announced their new edition of Dickens's works. It is, as has been stated, to contain introductions by Mr. George Gissing, and its illustrations are to be mainly topographical, Mr. E. H. New, who has illustrated one or two books topographically for Mr. John Lane, being the artist selected for "Pickwick." A topographical edition of Dickens is not at all a bad idea. The publishers have, apparently, abandoned their first intention of producing a pocket Dickens, and the volumes will be crown octavo. The Methuens are, however, running upon the lines of Mr. Dent by the publication of what they call the "Little Library," pot octavo volumes, which are to be bound in cloth or leather binding. In the "Little Library" they announce "Pride and Prejudice" in two volumes, and "Vanity Fair" in three volumes.

The sale of the Hardwicke papers and manuscripts is to be the literary excitement of the present month. Many of these treasures, which are to be sold at Sotheby's sale-rooms on Feb. 22 and the following days, will throw considerable light on the Jacobite conspiracy of 1745; many of them, in fact, are practically spoils of victory in an indirect fashion. One item, for example, No. 476 in Sotheby's catalogue, will explain this. It is called—

Appointments by King George II. of Lord Hardwicke as Steward of Great Britain, in view of the trial of Simon, Lord Lovat, for High Treason, and of Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino on similar charges.

It was Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's position as a Judge of the Jacobite conspirators that led to his becoming possessed of so many of the valuable literary treasures that his family have preserved for more than a century in the Deed-room of Wimpole Hall.

Mr. Edmund Downey is continuing his edition of the Lever novels with considerable spirit. This is the most pleasant and enterprising attempt to resuscitate an author fast falling into the realms of the forgotten that we have seen. During the present week Mr. Downey has published volumes thirty-two and thirty-three. These contain "Sir Brook Fossebrooke," with eight etchings by A. D. McCormick. "Sir Brook Fossebrooke" was one of Lever's favourite stories. It appeared originally as an anonymous serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*. C. K. S.



"WARE WIRE!"

STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. V.

By Lascelles and Co.



THE IBEX OF THE HIMALAYAS.

The perseverance of the European sportsman and the deadly precision of the weapons are fast reducing the numbers of this noble goat in Kashmir territory, in spite of its wary nature and the finenesses to which it retreats when pursued; and unless prompt measures are taken for its protection, it is only too likely to share the fate that has befallen its European relative.

SCENES IN CHINA.

Peking, the northern court or capital of China, is built in the form of an exact square, each side of which is four and a half miles long, with a rectangle applied to the south side. The square is the Manchu city, the rectangle is the Chinese city. Both parts are enclosed by high walls of great thickness. There are sixteen gates surmounted by imposing towers, of which we give examples. In the Chinese city proper the streets are crossed by large arches.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Horton left London last week en route for Italy. After taking ten days' rest in Yorkshire he had returned to town in order to fulfil a long-standing engagement at Holloway College, where he preached on Sunday, Jan. 22. Holloway has been fortunate in securing such eminent men as Principal Fairbairn, Dr. G. A. Smith, and Ian Maclaren among its preachers during recent months. Dr. Horton, who is travelling with a party of friends, is likely to be absent from his pulpit till the first Sunday in April.

The Bishop of Rochester has left for the Continent for a short rest. During his absence the diocese will be in charge of the Bishop of Southwark.

Since the Armenian demonstration of October 1896, no meeting in London has attracted so much interest as the great Protestant gathering held at the Albert Hall on Tuesday evening. The tickets were exhausted more than a week beforehand, and over five thousand applicants were refused. The chief difficulty for the speakers was to make themselves heard in every part of the immense hall. Lord Kennaird and Lord Overton have clear and powerful voices, but it was hardly to be expected that they should reach every auditor in so vast a building. Perhaps it was just as well that Sir William Harcourt did not attempt the



GATEWAY, PEKING.



OLD GATEWAY IN THE HANKOW PASS.

feat. At the Mansion House he was not well heard, and even in the House of Commons complaints are made that he is apt to become inaudible.

Temperance workers are to have a great day in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Feb. 13, when the Archbishop of Canterbury will preside.

It is doubtful whether the new Bishop of Bangor will be able to live in the Palace of the see, which is said to be dark, damp, and dilapidated. It is suggested that the incoming Bishop should sell the building and the land to the Bangor Corporation, who have long desired it, for the purpose of continuing a main road from Garth Pier in a direct line to the railway station, which would be a considerable boon to the town. The new Palace could then be built on the slopes of the higher parts of the Palace grounds, where it would look well and be a healthier residence.

I never saw Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard more crowded than they were on Wednesday of last week, when the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul drew an immense congregation to the Cathedral. On such occasions every restaurant in this part of the City is thronged with customers, and caterers reap a harvest. The high celebration was unusually magnificent—the celebrant in alb, amice, maniple, and stole under a cope of white and gold. There were very few communicants. The *Manchester Guardian* suggests that it is high time Sir William Harcourt began to look after the lawlessness which is rampant in St. Paul's.

The deepest sympathy is felt for Dr. Parker in his great bereavement. Mrs. Parker's illness had lasted three months, and until within a fortnight of the end it was hoped that she was recovering. Dr. Parker had been expected to preach at the City Temple on Thursday of last week, but owing to Mrs. Parker's extremely critical condition his place was taken by Principal Vaughan Fryce, and the congregation heard the mournful news that Mrs. Parker was

sinking. The end came at half-past nine the same evening.

Mrs. Parker's death will long be mourned by a wide circle, for her many gifts and graces had secured her a unique position in the Free Church life of London. In the work of the City Temple she was Dr. Parker's indefatigable helper. She had a bright and graceful pen, and during recent years had contributed with much acceptance to various popular magazines. Perhaps her best article was the brilliant appreciation of her old friend John Oliver Hobbes, which appeared some years ago in the *Woman at Home*.

The memorial sermon for General Gordon was preached on Sunday at Christ Church, Mayfair, by the Rev. E. S. Hilliard, vicar of St. Andrew's, Fulham. Unusual interest attaches to the Gordon celebrations this year; the Sirdar's victory and the founding of the Gordon College at Khartoum have given them a freshness and timeliness. The Prince of Wales requested the Bishop of Ripon to preach at Sandringham on the same date. The offertories in both cases were devoted to the Gordon Boys' Home.

The latest reports of the Church Army are very encouraging. Fifty young men and women have just entered the training homes in the Edgware Road to be trained as evangelists, prison pioneers, and slum-workers. The ages of the men range from nineteen to twenty-eight; and of the women from twenty-one to forty-nine. The candidates have formerly been miners, clerks, soldiers, weavers, teachers, and drapers' assistants. The Homes are well worth a visit, and the activity of the Church Army is apparent to anyone who walks down the Edgware Road on a Sunday evening and listens to the preaching at street corners.

V.



YUEN-MENG-YUEN.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Upon the face of it, the robbery at Parr's Bank was not committed or even planned by any experienced members, or, for the matter of that, less experienced members of *la haute pègre*, to use the French expression for the aristocracy of crime. To begin with, the receiptacle of the notes was too difficult of access; secondly, the "swag" too difficult to dispose of. As far as I am aware, no State Bank on the European Continent issues at the present time bigger notes than of a thousand—either roubles, guilders, florins, lire, marks, or francs. More than half a century ago, the Bank of France issued four thousand notes of 5000 francs each; thirty-four years later only eight of those notes remained in circulation. The public did not take kindly to them; they were too unwieldy for everyday transactions. A few years before their final disappearance from circulation, a French man of letters, rather fond of making a show, had

There are three individuals on the Continent, and, perhaps, one in London, each of whom would have given between £15,000 and £16,000 for those thirty-six notes, not to mention those of smaller value. The swell cracksmen belonging to the real *élite de la haute pègre* know every one of those four individuals, who, though exceedingly wealthy, do not occupy a very prominent position in the foreign banking world, but are apparently fairly prosperous money-changers. One of these establishments is in Paris, a second in Vienna, a third in Rome, a fourth in London. There used to be a fifth and a sixth, respectively, in Brussels and in Rotterdam; but the latter two have ceased to do business for many years. Even if English detectives had the faintest notion of the true nature of their business—which English detectives have not—it would be of no use whatever their watching the premises, for swell cracksmen never come near those places. Such spoil as the swell cracksmen may have to dispose of is transmitted, but not directly to them or in the ordinary way of postal transmission. The *colis postal*—read the Continental parcel post—is sometimes resorted to; and

add much to their weight. There are half-a-dozen different ways of concealing valuables like these. At any rate, this much is certain: the swell cracksmen does not part with them while the hue-and-cry is on; he can afford to wait. Unlike his humbler brother, he does not live from hand to mouth; he has other resources: he does a bit of gaming and a bit of betting; and if the worse comes to the worst he can get a little bit on account, even without sending the notes, by writing, for there is honour between thieves: the eventual and habitual receiver knows that, happen what may, his client will not deliberately cheat him. The client, on the other hand, has trust in his best and indispensable auxiliary.

Least of all does the swell cracksmen repair with his booty either to Nice or to Monte Carlo. Of all centres these are the two he most carefully avoids while the chase is on. Yet we were told with a good deal of bombast that on the evening of the robbery the English detectives had departed for the land where the citrons grow. I do not blame them for taking that journey to the Riviera,



"CALLED TO THE BAR": THE PROCESSION INTO HALL.

On Thursday, January 26, seventy new members were called to the Bar. Of these the Inner Temple had twenty-seven, Lincoln's Inn twenty-one, the Middle Temple twenty, and Gray's Inn two.

SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

either to pay or to receive a marriage portion in trust. The amount was 60,000 francs. He applied to the Bank for twelve of the notes, which were handed to him. Two days afterwards the dozen notes had returned to the authorities; the recipients had promptly exchanged them for smaller securities.

A note for a thousand pounds sterling remains, therefore, on the Continent, a phenomenal tender, however little surprise the presentation of it may cause in England itself. I say may cause, for I am not certain. There must be a necessity for them, else the Bank would not issue them, and Parr's Bank would not have kept three dozen ready for payment over the counter. But no experienced cracksmen would willingly be burdened with one, let alone with thirty-six. An experienced cracksmen, while planning "the job," would have taken means to ascertain not only the contents of the drawer to be operated upon, but the arrangement of those contents; he would not have made his "grab" at random. But if in the hurry and in the unavoidable excitement he did get hold of the larger notes instead of the smaller, he would have known what to do with them. There would have been no need to return them by post, and thus forego two-thirds of his booty.

the small package may, if despatched from London, contain a hat by a famous London maker, whose label is pasted conspicuously on the box. The notes, not many, if they are for a large amount, are concealed in the lining. If despatched from Paris, they are conveyed by means of a box of innocent-looking sweets. The bottom of the box is made up of a layer of notes, but so cunningly contrived as absolutely to defy detection. To get at the notes, the bottom of the box has to be bodily removed and soaked in lukewarm water, which will separate the outer layers of cardboard, between which the notes have been pasted.

All this, if done, is never done immediately, or even within a month or two of the transaction. Notes, especially of large amounts, are kept by the cracksmen. There are many ways of concealing them. Many of the prominent members of those gangs have exceedingly delicate lungs, and are obliged to wear chest-protectors both in the summer and the winter. During the First Revolution, many *émigrés* started on their way with sticks hollowed out to contain two and three hundred gold pieces. As a matter of course, those canes were very heavy to carry; but the art of making them is not lost, and a very tightly rolled bundle of banknotes or two, disposed lengthwise, does not

especially at this time of the year; it is a delightful outing. But if those detectives knew anything, they ought to know that nowhere are notes, and especially large notes, more difficult to change than in the spots whither they went so cheerily. And after the greater part of the notes had been returned, we were still told by telegrams from Nice that the English detectives had a clue.

I have too often given my views of their abilities to repeat them here. They remind me, in this instance, of the child that was looking on all sides for the butterfly which was poised on its head. All these things are not likely to alter until a "school for the detection of crime" be established; for the detection of crime is an art that cannot be successfully practised by gentlemen who were primarily selected for the duties of policemen in virtue of the strength of their feet, and afterwards promoted for good conduct and honesty rather than for intelligence. In the present instance they have not to deal with practised men; but if they had, neither their honesty nor their good conduct, and least of all their strength of feet, would avail. As a swell cracksmen, whom I have known for years, said the other day: "We and the English detectives both shine, but we each shine at different extremities."

"A MARVEL."



BEFORE

This poor little babe
of Wood Green
Was the sickliest
child ever seen,
On her pillow she
lay
Till "Frame Food"
won the day,
And she's happier
now than a Queen.



AFTER

Mrs. MINSHALL, 141, Farrant Avenue, Noel Park, Wood Green, N., writes on
November 13, 1898—

"Sirs,—I cannot help being thankful to your Food for restoring my baby to health. She was poorly from birth, and up to three months did not get on at all, and wasted away till she was nothing but a frame of skin and bone—in fact, resembled a monkey more than a child—and had to be laid on a soft pillow. The doctors at Ormond Street Hospital told me she would not live another week; indeed, one could not wish her to live; but a friend gave me some of your Food to try (she was giving it to her own baby), and I did so. From that time I can safely say she gained flesh with such rapidity that it was marvellous. She got so fat and heavy it was trying to nurse her, and my friends are continually remarking what a marvel she is."

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(BEETHAM'S IMPROVED 'GLYCERINE and CUCUMBER.')
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SKIN TONIC

AS WELL AS AN
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**IT REMOVES and PREVENTS ALL ROUGHNESS,
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IS INVALUABLE for the TOILET and NURSERY.**

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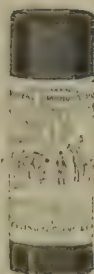
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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

It is interesting to hear that the Queen can even contemplate taking part in a Drawing-Room on the eve of her eightieth birthday. It cannot be expected that she can remain in the Throne-Room long—indeed, it is already some years since she stayed longer than the hour needed to receive the Diplomatic Corps and others having “the entrée”; but there is always a certain extra importance about a Court at which the Queen is to be present in person, and dresses are more carefully thought out when she is expected, and débutantes' hearts beat a little faster, with a vague hope that the great nineteenth century monarch may after all perchance be there to receive their courtesy. The first Drawing-Room of the year, too, sets to some extent the fashion for the coming season, and we begin to feel as if we were waking from the winter's hibernation when the notices of the dates of the pre-Easter Courts are issued.

Lace is to figure immensely on the Court dresses that are now being discussed and arranged. It has always been used on these gowns, of course—the apotheosis of the art of splendid dress. But this year, those who have not an ancestral store of laces are purchasing one, and whole trains are to be covered with the delicate fabric instead of mere flouncings appearing. The airy and ethereal is in vogue. A foundation of chiffon laid over the silk and under the lace gives an elegance of effect, though it somewhat obscures the real beauty of the lace. In no case can the under-foundation of a fairly firm silk or satin be dispensed with for a train draped with lace or chiffon, invisible though it may be. Court dresses do not allow you to think of economy, and their great length of train demands a sufficient firmness to allow of its being to a considerable extent self-supporting, otherwise they become mere wisps when extended to their full length and trailed along the floor. For positive effect there is no material for a Court train to equal velvet. It is extremely well-worn at present at smart weddings and other functions that do not involve any walking out-of-doors, and will undoubtedly be equally in evidence for the more stately dresses at the early Courts. Fine lace flounces almost covering a velvet Court train are shown up to perfection. The smooth, sheeny surface of “mirror” velvet is most in fashion. Black velvet is an exception—this comes out best in the deeper pile of the ordinary make. But the lighter shades are much used. Pinks and yellows of mellow tones are particularly lovely—so soft and free from “staring at” one in velvet; and even in the deeper tones—cerise, geranium, and petunia, all of which are fashionable—the depth of the lights and shadows of the pile gives an artistic effect and obviates any suspicion of gaudiness.

Then the exquisite embroideries that have already put in so strong an appearance at the county and hunt balls will show their full splendour on the Court dresses. Miles of hand-embroidered muslins, nets, gauzes, and chiffons are already prepared. The decorations thus applied to the flimsy surface are of many kinds; the silk embroideries worked direct on the fragile material are the most extravagant, as they will be no use after the few times that the petticoat may be worn as a ball skirt; but these are not the majority of the embroideries, which are most usually appliqué, and may be transferred just like lace flounces from one delicate and soon spoiled gown to a second similar foundation. Panels, too, are prepared either for the sides of the trains or for the fronts or sides of skirts, worked so thickly with sequins, and appliques of motifs of lace or flowers cut out of tulle or brocade, as to conceal the solid foundation of soft silk or satin, which allows of the embroideries being easily introduced into the midst of the gauzy fabrics as if part and

parcel of them, while really strong enough to stand wear, and detachable. One source of expense in Court dresses in which chiffon or muslin plays a leading part is that the trains must be profusely ruched and ruffled underneath to enable them to stand out from the petticoat without any harsh and abrupt line of junction. Supposing the train not to have a similar soft covering of its own, this abundance of under-trimming is essential.

While it is still doubtful how far the long-continued vogue of the blouse will be maintained in the spring, it is clear that the blouse-like fullness of the front of dress bodices will retain its hold, for nearly all the Riviera gowns and bridal travelling dresses are still being so made. The fullness in the front is too trifling to be called a pouch, but no dart-seams are visible, and though the lining underneath has a most accurate fit, the dress material sits somewhat loosely on it, so as to give what the dress-makers call the “demi-blouse” effect. A Paris gown just remodelled has shown me the secret of a good Parisian moliste for improving the figure in such a dress made for a young, slim bride. Between the lining and the fine cloth, just over the bust, were placed four overlapping frills of the softest silk, which had invisibly helped to hold the semi-loose and yet carefully fitting front of the bodice out properly. It struck me as a most ingenious idea,

is an honorary Doctor of Music of both the Royal Irish and the Welsh Universities. Women, of course, like these harmless little tributes as well as men, and there is no reason why all the honorary titles and decorative embellishments should be retained for men now that women are allowed to compete for those that are earned by direct labour. So to the lady M.A.'s of St. Andrews is now suitably added a lady LL.D.

Liverpool has been paying tardy posthumous honour to one of its citizens, Felicia Hemans, the poet, who was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, in 1794: a tablet has been placed on her house, and a small fund subscribed will allow of the award of a periodical prize for the best verses sent in to the local University college for competition. Fashion rules literature as well as dress, and the simple, lyrical muse of Mrs. Hemans is now much out of fashion; yet many of us keep a corner of memory for “The Graves of the Household,” and a few other of her “pieces”; while in her now little read longer poems are some charming passages—one which I have often cited beginning, “Oh, judge not woman's strength in hours

That strew her path
with summer
flowers,” is always
received with appreci-
ation and interest.
Perhaps the memorials
will set some
girls reading her
works, and it will not
be without pleasure
and advantage.

Miss Clara Barton is at present receiving the same enthusiastic gratitude from the American people that Miss Nightingale received here after the campaign in the Crimea, and for the same reason—that, where the official commissariat and hospital arrangements broke down, her organising faculty and woman's wit stepped in, brought order, and saved men's lives. All that the “Red Cross,” under Miss Barton, had the leave and the power to do was well done: her people both fed and physicked sick and wounded for whom the Government failed to make any proper provision. The record of official incapacity seems well-nigh incredible. For example: men sick to death were required to eat the coarse food of the healthy, salt pork and hard biscuit, or starve—and naturally followed the latter alternative. America is still in a ferment of indignation over these blunders; and at the same time the Senate has passed a vote of thanks to Miss Barton for her war services, and given her the right, never before accorded to a woman, and reserved for the most distinguished citizens, of a seat

when she attends the Senate on the floor of the House. Is it not probably the fact that both nursing and victualling (on however large a scale) are woman's work, and men do not succeed at it without many blunders and an expensive experience?

Offers of hospitality for the Congress of men and women that is to be called a Women's Congress, and held in London in June, are being made. The Duchess of Sutherland will give the members of the Congress a reception at Stafford House on June 26, Lady Battersea one on June 28, and Mrs. Creighton a garden-party at the Bishop's Palace at Fulham on June 29.

The late well-known wife of the Rev. H. R. Haweis is to be commemorated by her friends in a memorial the form of which would have been acceptable to herself. A fund is being raised to provide education for some young girls in an industrial or professional way, in order to enable the recipients of the benefaction to earn a living. The Queen has accepted a copy of the new edition of Mrs. Haweis' “Chaucer for Children,” and ordered her secretary to write a most kind letter to Mr. Haweis, saying that the pathetic circumstances of the presentation of the volume increase her interest in possessing it. Mrs. Haweis adds another to the now long list of women of refinement and culture who have chosen cremation for the final disposal of their remains.

FILomena.



A NEAT TAILOR GOWN OF CLOTH.



AN ELABORATELY BRAIDED PRINCESS COSTUME.

and I pass on the “wrinkle” for the benefit of the over-slender of shape who wish to wear the fashionable style of bodice.

Elaborate braiding, such as is seen in our Illustration of a Princess dress, must always give distinction to a gown. The *empêchement* in this case is a novel combination of cambrie and insertion. The other Illustration shows a neat tailor gown of cloth, with a collar of velvet, from which a design is cut away to show an underlying white cloth foundation; the waistbelt and bow are of silk, and the toque of velvet.

NOTES.

Professor Stuart, M.P., the new Rector of St. Andrews University, has the honour of introducing a precedent by his nomination of Mrs. Fawcett (an author on political economy) for an honorary degree of that University. As women students are admitted to all the degrees by examination of that institution, there could be little or no doubt as to the right of the new Rector to include a lady's name in his nomination list for the honorary degrees; but the fact remains that it was a novelty, for only the Princess of Wales had hitherto been similarly recognised as entitled to a distinction *honoris causa* at any University. H.R.II.



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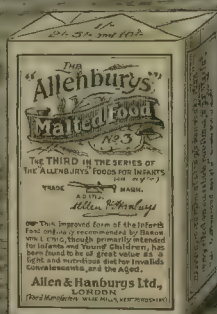
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CHESS.

Isote (Ayr).—There was only one issue of the *Chess Players' Annual*, namely, that published in 1896. The publishers were Virtue and Co., Paternoster Row. No chess club was concerned in its publication. The book is now sold.

ZM (Loughborough).—As far as we can make out from your letter the instance you mention is unimpeachably stalemate. We fear you have not solved No. 2855.

WH (Gendry).—You will see our verdict in regard to your problem in the present column.

CHRYSLER (Derham).—We are glad to hear from you again, and the problem shall receive due attention.

G HARRISS (Cambridge).—Your suggestion has been frequently made, but we cannot adopt it.

A B (Wickfield).—The analysis you send is certainly ingenious, but we fear no rule could be devised. Probably the Knight is the favourite piece in problem play.

A HENDERSON (Stewart).—"Mason's Principles of Chess," Horace Cox, Wimbomb House, Broom's Buildings, E.C.

H O O (Derham).—We do not know of any announcement of the kind is advertised.

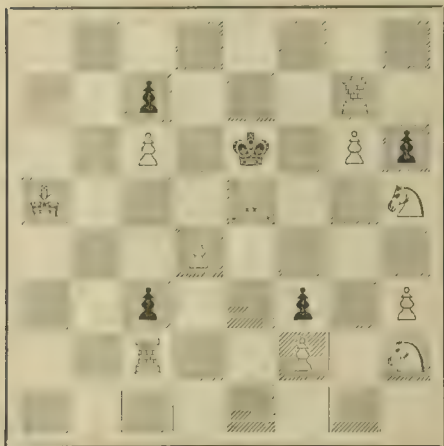
A D M (Banbury).—Kt takes P is the defence.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2850 and 2851 received from C A M (Penning); of No. 2852 from S Subramanna Iyer (Madras); of No. 2853 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2854 from Albert Wolff (Putney); C E H (Clifton); F J Candy (Norwood); Jacob Verrall (Ridgely); George A James (Paris); and Dr Goldsmith.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2857 received from M A Eyre (Folkestone); J Hall, F J S (Hampstead); C B H (Clifton); G B Tunstall-Moore (Hull); Dr Goldsmith; J. G. W. (Gent); H. W. (Gent); C E Penning; G HARRISS (Cambridge); Miss D. Grogan; Albert Wolff (Putney); F Dalby; T Roberts; L Sanderson (Crowthorne); T H Stanley (Brighton); Mrs Wilson (Plymouth); F J Candy (Norwood); J F Moun, H S Branch (Montreux); G A James (Paris); S. Penfold; W R B (Clifton); Captain J A Chubb (Great Yarmouth); T G (Ware); Thomas Eyre (Bradford); A H F Dunne; F R Pickering; J Hooper (Putney); L Desanges; Shadforth; G Stillingfleet Johnson (Graham); Julie Short (Exeter); Thomas W Greenstreet (Eggs); Alpha; and C M A B.

PROBLEM No. 2850.—By W. H. GUNDY

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2851.—By H. G. G. G.

WHITE.
1. P to B 6th
2. Q to B 6th (ch)
3. Mate.
If Black play 1. B to R 7th, 2. B takes Kt; if 1. P to B 3rd or 4th, 2. R takes Kt (ch); and if 1. B to K 2nd, then 2. R to K 7th, etc.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2855.—By A. ROSENFELD.

WHITE.
1. P to Q 5th
2. Kt to B 4th
3. Q or P Mate.
If Black play 1. B takes P, 2. Kt to K 4th; if 1. R to Q 5th, 2. Kt to K 3rd; and if 1. R to K 5th, then 2. P takes R and 3. Kt Mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2856.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 6th
2. Q to B 6th (ch)
3. Kt or Q Mate.
If Black play 1. P to B 4th, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); if 1. P to K 4th, 2. Q to B 4th (ch); and if 1. P to K 5th, 2. Kt to R 8th to B 7th, and mate next move.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match *Athenaeum v. City of London*, between Messrs. W. H. WATTS and A. J. MAAS. (*Queen's Pawn Game.*)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	16. P to Q Kt 4th	R to Q 3rd
2. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	17. P to Q Kt 4th	K Kt to B 3rd
3. P takes P	P takes P	18. P to B 4th	P takes P
4. R to K Kt 5th	K Kt to B 3rd	19. B takes B P	B takes Kt
5. P to K 6th	P to K 4th	20. P takes B	Kt to Q 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	21. B to Q 4th	P to K R 3rd
7. R to Q 2nd	R to K 3rd	22. Kt to Q 2nd	H to K 3rd
8. R to K Kt 5th	P to K 4th	23. P to K Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
9. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	24. P to K R 4th	P to Q 4th
10. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	25. P to K 5th	P to B 4th
11. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	26. B to Kt 2nd	Kt (Q 2) to Kt 3
12. R to Q 2nd	R to Q 2nd	27. R to Q B sq	R to Q B sq
13. R to Q 2nd	R to Q 2nd	28. P to B 3rd	Kt to K 6th
14. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	29. K to K 2nd	Kt takes B
15. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd	30. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
16. R to K 3rd	R to K 3rd	31. R takes Kt	P to Q Kt 3rd
17. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	32. R to Q sq	R to Q sq
18. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	33. R to Q sq	R to Q sq
19. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	34. R to Q sq	R to Q sq
20. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	35. P takes R	R to Q sq
21. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	36. B to K 5th	R to K 3rd
22. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	37. R to Q sq	R to Q 2nd
23. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	38. K to K 3rd	B to B 7th
24. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	39. R to Q 2nd	R to K 6th
25. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	40. P to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd
26. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	41. R to Q Kt 2nd	P to B 5th

After the exchange of Queens, the game assumes the form of an ending, and the game is well conducted by both players.

WHITE'S WEAKNESS IN THIS ENDING IS THE ISOLATED Q Kt P, WHICH IS SUBJECT TO ATTACK BY THE ROOK AFTER HIS MOVE. THE POSITION NOW EASILY PLAYS ITSELF, AND BLACK WINS IN A FEW MORE MOVES.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the trust disposition and settlement and codicils (dated Jan. 5 and 12, and May 19, 1897; and May 6, June 22, 23, 25, and 29, and July 14, 1898) of Sir John Watson, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Barnock House, Hamilton, N.B., who died on Sept. 26, granted to Alexander Watt, Sir John Watson, and Thomas William Watson, the sons, Alexander Moore, jun., James Neilson, and Sir James Thompson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 25, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £178,796.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1897), with a codicil of the same date, and another (dated Oct. 31, 1898), of the Right Hon. Edward, Earl of Lathom, P.C., G.C.B., Lord Chamberlain, of Lathom House, Ormskirk, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Clarendon, the executors, the value of the estate being £147,527. The testator makes up the portions of his two younger sons with what they will receive under settlement to £20,000 each, and of his unmarried daughters to £7000 each. He gives £1000 to his daughter Lady Florence Mary Cecil, in addition to the amount appointed to her in his lifetime on her marriage; annuities of £400 each to his daughters whilst spinners, the surviving unmarried daughter to receive an annuity of £800, and he directs his executors to provide a house and furniture for a residence for them. He further gives £100 each to his sisters the Hon. Jessie Caroline Bateman and the Hon. Rose Bootle Wilbraham; £500 to George Roper, his agent at Lathom, and legacies to executors, solicitors, and servants. The following articles are to be devolved as heirlooms, and follow the trusts of the settled estates—namely, gold snuff-boxes given by the Emperor of Austria, the King of the Belgians, and the Shah of Persia, a gold snuff-box presented to Sir Thomas Bootle by Frederick, Prince of Wales, the watch and chain of William IV., certain articles presented to him by his household, the inhabitants of Ormskirk, the Freemasons of Lancashire, and the tenants on the Lathom estate, and various pictures, jewellery, and plate. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, and all his real property is to follow the trusts of the settled estates.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1880), with a codicil (dated May 14, 1888), of William John, Baron Newton, of Lyme Hall, Chester, and 20, Belgrave Square, a member of the Jockey Club, and who, as Mr. William John Leigh, represented South Lancashire in the House of Commons from 1859 to 1865, and East Chester from 1868 to 1883, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 16 by Major the Hon. Gilbert Leigh, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £68,346. He gives to his wife, Emily Jane, Baroness Newton, £1000, the household furniture at his town house, and pair of horses; to his brother, Piers Frederick Leigh, £1200; to his son the Hon. Thomas Wodehouse, now Lord Newton, the furniture and effects, and certain fixtures, machinery, etc., at Lyme Hall; and to his daughters, Dulcibella Jane and Mabel Maud, such a sum as, with their one third share of

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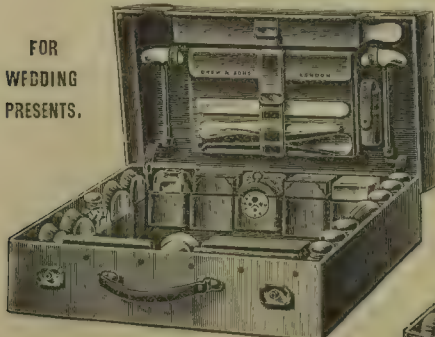
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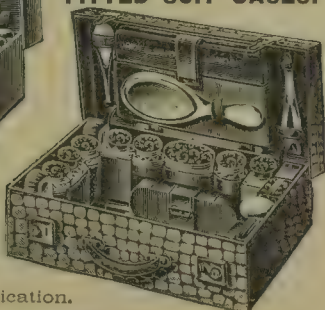
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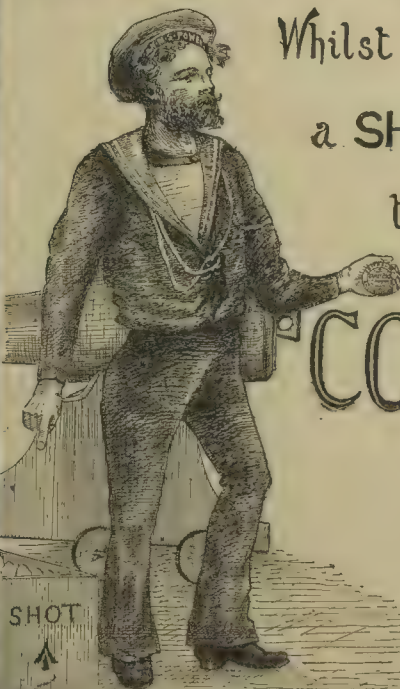
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£10,000, £40,000, and £20,000, will make up their portions to £25,000 each. He charges certain property with the payment of £20,000, to be equally divided between his younger children; and he further charges the property mentioned in an indenture of resettlement with the payment of £1000 per annum to his wife, in addition to the charge of £2000 per annum appointed to her in his lifetime. All his real and the residue of his personal estate, including his racehorses (directed to be sold), he leaves to his second son, the Hon. Gilbert Leigh.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 7, 1898) of Mrs. Georgiana Hannah Twells, of Chase Side House, Enfield and Rosemeath, Eastbourne, widow of the late Mr. Philip Twells, M.P. for the City of London from 1871 to 1880, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Jan. 17 by George William Marshall, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £67,885. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Clergy Orphan Corporation (Lincoln's Inn Fields), the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots, and the Additional Curates' Society

(Victoria Street); £100 to the Enfield Cottage Hospital, and £1000 to the incumbent and churchwardens of St. Mary Magdalene Church, Enfield, upon trust, to apply the income in the purchase of blankets, coal, and flannel, to be distributed among the poor of that district at Christmas, and to be called the "Twells Charity." She also gives £5000 and certain interests under the wills of her husband and the Rev. John Twells, to her godson Philip Twells Marshall; £2000 each and the income, for life, of £5000 each to her nephew Henry John Corbett and her niece Georgina Corbett; £500 to her executor; £500 to William Marshall; £1000 to her maid, Elizabeth Cooper; £300 each to Charlotte Anne Marshall, Margaret Marshall, Eliza Isabel Marshall, and Annie Line; legacies to servants; and specific gifts of furniture and plate. The residue of her property she leaves to her godson, Philip Twells Marshall, on his attaining twenty-one, but should he die under that age, then to the children of George William Marshall.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1897) of Mr. Henry George Simpkins, of 62, Marine Parade, Brighton, was proved on

Jan. 21 by Miss Elizabeth Simpkins, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £39,884. The testator gives and devises his freehold premises, 62, Marine Parade, and 2 and 6, Royal Crescent Mews, his freehold public-house, the Harp, Marlyebone, and all the rest and remainder of his property to his sister.

The will (dated March 11, 1887, of Colonel Richard Thomas Lloyd, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, of Aston Hall, Salop, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Jan. 13 by William Robert Maurice Wynne and William Slaney Kenyon Slaney, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,900. The testator gives his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to the person who shall immediately succeed to the Aston Hall estate, and there are some specific gifts of jewellery. The residue of his property he leaves between his children, except such son as shall succeed to the said estates, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1898) of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Armstrong Nicholson, of The Oaks, Langham, Essex, who died on Oct. 13 last, has been proved by

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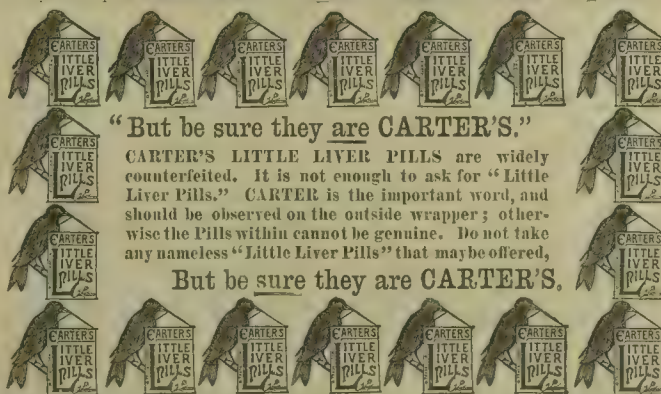
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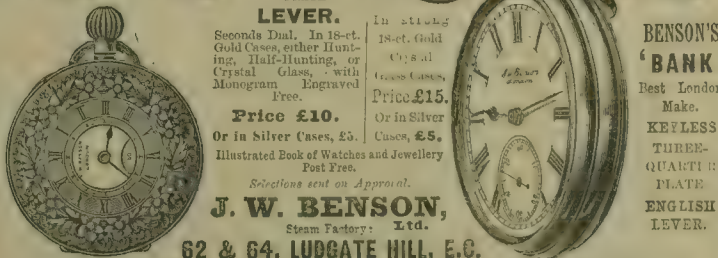
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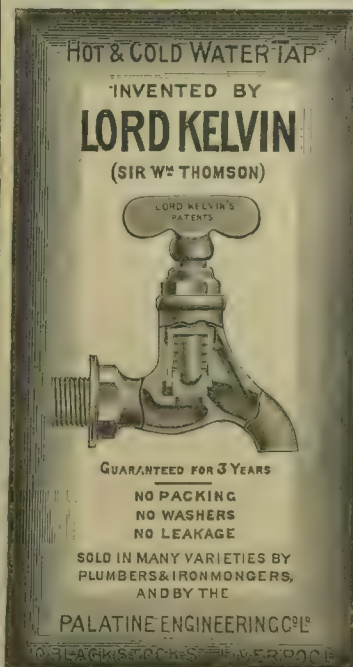
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A Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books. By J. Lewine. (Sampson Low.)
Marysienka, Marie de la Grange d'Arquien, Queen of Poland, and Wife of Sobieski, 1641-1716. By K. (Jasimir) Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Lloyd. (Heinemann.)

The German man of science makes every land the object of his instinct for research. The other month a German published a book on the New Zealand Alps, and now comes Herr Semon's elaborate work on Australasia. In June 1891 he left Jena to study the oviparous mammals, marsupials, and ceratodus of Australasia, partly backed by the pecuniary support of Dr. Paul von Ritter, whose name he couples with Haeckel's in dedicating his attempt to bring "some phylogenetic problems nearer their solution." The result of his two years' pilgrimage is a handsome book, which was originally published in Munich, and now appears in English, to the extent of 550 pages, with eighty-six illustrations and four excellent maps. Herr Semon is an enthusiastic German, and holds strongly that his countrymen will yet become colonists equal to Englishmen. At any rate he chose a young Australian of German extraction for his comrade, and set off in August with a dray and five strong horses to that part of Queensland which is watered by the great Burnett River. For five months he stayed in the bush. Before he was satisfied with his trip, however, he visited the north-east coast of Australia from Brisbane to Cape York, Thursday Island, and the Torres Straits, New Guinea, from the South Cape to the East Cape, Java, Amboyna, Celebes, and the Northern Moluccas, returning home by India. To the naturalist this journey will prove of the utmost importance. Its purely scientific aspect is being published under the title of "Zoologische Forschungsreisen in Australien und dem malayischen Archipel." The present volume is more for the general reader, and contains a mass of information of every sort, presented by a skilled observer. One of the most fascinating chapters deals with the original inhabitants of Australia, a very low type of race. Their culture up to the present stands on a level comparable to the Stone Age of Europe. Hence a minute study of the aborigines is of first-rate importance to the ethnologist. They are first-rate hunters, mimicking the call of birds, making use of living or imitation decoy birds, driving water-birds into self-constructed nets by startling them with the scream of a bird of prey, and so on. Their language is very primitive, some tribes being able to count only from one to three. They are mostly devoid of religion, and are nomadic. Herr Semon gives an elaborate account of a great many animals—notably, the *Ceratodus Fosteri* or Burnett salmon, the investigation of which he considered the principal task of his journey. The illustrations are partly from photographs by Herr Semon, and partly drawings of the animals he brought home. The book is well written, and is very readable from cover to cover. After the books of the ill-informed globe-trotter such a work is a great pleasure to encounter.

The Count della Rocca saw almost the whole struggle for Italian liberty and unity. As a child he lived at the Court of the Prince of Carignano, afterwards Charles Albert, was made one of his equerries when he became king, was first equerry and a life-long friend to his son, who made him Chief of the Staff, was a frequent ambassador on difficult errands—notably, to France, when Louis Napoleon's friendship seemed to waver after the Orsini affair—was one of the ablest, the toughest, the most enthusiastic of the military leaders during the long struggle, and lived till last year, as devoted as ever to the cause of his country, and as hopeful about its prospects. "The Autobiography of a Veteran" is a record of ninety years of strenuous life. Della Rocca was no dreamer, was not one ever to stray far from the practical ways of life. If the House of Savoy—to which he was deeply attached—had, early in his career, taken a definite step against independence, perhaps their devoted friend would never have been known as a Liberal. But Liberalism was in the air of the Court of the Prince of Carignano. At the military academy Della Rocca and some other boys ran off to join the army and fight the Austrians, taking with them their silver mugs to pay for their journey. They were caught and cuffed back; but Della Rocca's enthusiasm never cooled. His generous and devoted soul never once turned

back. Victor Emmanuel, who could always count on his affection and his utmost help, found him a fearless critic, to whom servility was unknown. For Cavour, who had been his school-fellow at the military academy, he had a high admiration. That statesman's management of Italian affairs had his approval, much more than the heroic methods of Garibaldi—of whom he was, however, a very generous critic—and infinitely more than the wayward agitation of Mazzini, who seemed to the law-abiding, systematic, practical soldier a wasteful, troublesome influence, often a subtler enemy than Austria itself. The struggle in the North, especially as it centred round Victor Emmanuel, has never been more vividly described than in the words of this able, devoted soldier, so good an observer because so little of an egotist. Due acknowledgment should be made to the excellence of Mrs. Ross's translation.

The historical novel is a form of fiction of which Mrs. Marshall has made good use in several of her many pleasing stories. But almost peculiar to her is what may be called the biographical novel, of which "Under the Dome of St. Paul's" is an excellent specimen. In her fictions of this class it is generally some English worthy who is the central figure, great pains being taken to bring out his salient characteristics, a little heightened, perhaps, for the novelist's purpose; the chief incidents in his career being, however, pretty strictly adhered to, while with the whole is interwoven fiction of a more or less romantic kind. The hero of her new tale is Sir Christopher Wren. A vivid picture is given of his noble enthusiasm and the grandeur of his architectural achievements—the building of St. Paul's, of course, prominent among them—and of the struggle, pathetic in some of its incidents, which he had to maintain against stupidity,

in print. The stories are not all clerical. The one we hit on first, on turning over the pages a second time, is that of the chairman whose sense of humour was a little blunted. When the speeches at an excited meeting were over, he asked if any gentleman would like to make a few remarks. An Irishman mounted the platform, but was violently seized, knocked down, and had his nose broken. When order reigned once more, the voice of the chairman was heard placidly asking if "any other gentleman would like to make a few remarks."

The first edition of Dr. Hogg's work, "The Microscope," was published in 1854, so that in its various issues it coincides historically with the period of modern microscope science, which has developed so wonderfully. It can have been no easy task to keep the work within the limits of one volume. Dr. Hogg has, however, done this with so much skill that his book has found a very wide circle of readers and workers. Illustrated by over nine hundred plates, almost all of which are of great excellence, it has claims on the amateur and on the professional microscopist. The demands of modern biology have been so great that the ingenuity of the mechanician has been taxed to the utmost to supply instruments of greater and greater precision. In this country we have not been behind the foreigner, and many of the fundamental improvements on the instrument have been made by Brewster, Lister, Powell, Ross, and Swift. The world, perhaps, does not, however, sufficiently recognise its debt of gratitude to Carl Zeiss, of Jena. He it was, in collaboration with Abbé, who solved the essential practical problems of the modern bacteriological microscope by which Pasteur, Koch, and others have changed the face of modern medicine and inaugurated new epochs in the treatment of disease. What was a scientific toy half a century ago is now one of the most important instruments upon

which depends the welfare of the race. Perhaps this has been due chiefly to the fact that the mechanician has constantly kept before his eyes the scientific element, and has not been led away by commercial gain. Excellent instruments are made by various firms all over the world, but the very finest microscopes are still made by those who have the highest scientific ideals. Without making invidious comparisons, it will be generally admitted by experienced microscopists that the microscopes made by Winkel in Göttingen, Zeiss in Jena, Powell and Leland and Swift in London, are the most perfect instruments which have yet been turned out. Competition and demand have lowered the price, so that a first-class instrument suited to most of the demands of modern biology can be got for something less than twenty pounds.

Mr. J. Lewine has produced a Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books. The volume, which runs into 615 pages, represents a world of work, and forms a guide to collectors of illustrated works in English and in the French of that period. It is impossible in reviewing such a book to give any idea of the enormous labour expended on its compilation, or of its ultimate value. Suffice it to say that for all who are engaged in research in the eighteenth century, Mr. Lewine's book is of the greatest value, forming a companion to Granger's great iconography. He indicates the typical prices of almost all the books he mentions; and he notices the curious difference of values in the London and Paris markets. It is a healthy sign of the times that books of unwieldy dimensions are on the decline, although Mr. Lewine remarks that those that are really beautiful retain their original appreciative value. The principle, he says, is sound that art will always enjoy immunity from death. Mr. Lewine's book is illustrated with thirty-five specimens of the work of the artists of the period under discussion.

The history of Poland during the seventeenth century is tantalisingly complicated, and a really good book on the subject in English has long been wanting. Hence Mr. Waliszewski's brilliant picture of Marysienka, the wife of Sobieski, is very welcome. His lives of Peter the Great and of Catherine II. have shown Mr. Waliszewski as an excellent biographer. The present book is a worthy successor. He traces the career of Marysienka from the time she left France (as a child of four!) in the train of the Princess Marie of Gonzaga (who was married by proxy to Ladislas IV. of Poland in 1645) until the day of her death. Hers was a peculiarly troubled life. She was married as a girl to the Prince of Zamosc, and then to John Sobieski, the intrepid fighter of Poland's hopeless battles. The Sobieskis form an extremely interesting study of a family in decay in view of the marriage of her granddaughter Clementine to our Pretender, James Stuart. Mr. Waliszewski had a good subject, and he has treated it with great vividness. Few recent historical works have been so thoroughly readable.



A PAPUAN PILE VILLAGE, WITH A LAKATOI IN THE BACKGROUND.

Forming one of the pictures to Herr Semon's book, "In the Australian Bush and on the Coast of the Coral Sea."—(Macmillan.)

greed, and Court intrigue. With her portraiture of the great architect Mrs. Marshall skilfully connects more than one interesting love-story, as well as lively sketches of Court life and Society in England from the time of Charles II. to that of George II.

To an excellently printed and handsomely bound edition of the Scriptures has been added Dr. William Wright's useful "Bible Treasury." The "Treasury" consists of chapters on Biblical history, geography, antiquities, and science, written by eminent scholars, as well as one of the most convenient and reliable of popular concordances. It is fully illustrated, and contains a series of well-printed maps. Thus within the cover of one volume will be found all that is necessary for the study of the Bible by anyone who is not a learned specialist.

The success of Dean Pigou's book, "Phases of My Life," is due to his methods. He is always anticipating, or casting retrospects, or telling irrelevant stories, which means he has written easily, when the mood was on him, and just as the mood dictated. His clerical life has been honourable and useful, but nothing has occurred in it to give special interest to his biography. That we read his recollections with pleasure is due to his unconventional personality and to his inexhaustible sense of humour. There is none of the stiffness of the ordinary Anglican cleric in his walk and conversation. Perhaps his French ancestry has something to do with this, and perhaps he owes a good deal to the varied character of his education. Born in Baden, he was educated in Germany, at Ripon, at Cheltenham, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and he has lived some of his later years abroad. Were it not that there is abundant evidence his sacred profession has kept him very closely employed, we should say that he had spent a full and useful life in the collection of anecdotes. Every school and college, and curacy and diocese, became his hunting-ground. It would have been a serious breach of duty had he never set the results down

STARS OF THE STAGE.

The stage has a glamour of quite its own. Everyone is interested in the personality of the artists who face the public from the vantage-ground of the footlights. The life of the stage renders actors and actresses necessarily public characters in an honourable sense, and they adopt, accordingly, a very wise discretion in any statement made for publication. This lends weight and character to all their words. The following illustrated interviews carry proportionate gravity and interest. They relate to the public and private life of well-known ladies, who have earned fame in their profession, and reveal a side of stage-life not widely known, and of considerable interest.

The interviews include an account of music-hall life, showing (what will be new to many readers) how a single performer is able to appear at as many as five halls every night without a breakdown; a peep into circus life, and the adventures of a lady rider; and (in an interview of exceptional interest with a lady of great beauty, Miss Barry) the source of a popular song and how it was written.

FIVE APPEARANCES NIGHTLY.

WHAT IT MEANS.

There is little doubt that professional singers work exceedingly hard when they hit the public taste, for the singing of a successful song frequently entails working at

four or even five halls each night in various parts of London. That such a strain is calculated to injure the strongest constitution is clear from the statement made by Miss Clara Torr (daughter of the well-known "Sam" Torr), than whom there is no better-known professional singer, and whose name for years past has been greeted with rounds of applause when her number appears on the board. Apart



MISS CLARA TORR.

from her professional ability, which is of the highest possible order, Miss Torr has a claim to a remarkably prepossessing and youthful appearance.

"I was born in the profession" (said Miss Clara Torr to the *Weekly Dispatch* chief reporter, who interviewed her recently at her home at 42, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E.). "My father, as I dare say many of your readers will remember, has been in the profession for something like thirty years, and from the time I first stepped on the stage until about six months ago I can safely say that I never lost an engagement or missed a performance in consequence of any real ill-health. Why, so strong was I that at the time I was singing one of my big successes, if not my greatest success, 'Oh, Mr. Chevalier, What Have You Done for Me?' I was performing at five halls a night, which anyone in the profession will know is extremely hard work. It is now a little over six months ago that I had attacks of biliousness and frightful headaches. I suffered also terribly from indigestion; in fact, the little food I took in a morning did not seem to digest until really late at night. I went on like this for about three weeks, and then I began to feel giddy, and got terribly pale, so my friends told me. I still continued working, however, but I suffered terribly from shortness of breath. I did not seem to get the same value out of my voice; I had to take a breath in parts of my songs where I should not; in fact, after singing a couple of verses, I felt quite 'pumped,' and began panting; and I went on like this for about a month. I have forgotten which particular song it was at that time that I tried to sing, but I had one which I felt certain would make a big success, and would be on the organs in less than a month, but my inability to work and my shortness of breath caused it to fall somewhat flat, and thus a big success was turned into a comparative failure. My husband had for some time urged upon me the necessity of seeking medical advice, and when things became worse he demanded that I should do so. I saw a doctor, a very clever man, and although I took bottle after bottle of medicine I seemed to obtain little benefit. My friends told me that I was going into a decline, and I now began to feel as if I didn't care whether I went on the stage or whether I didn't. I could not make my songs 'go' as well as I had done; I had no energy, and I gave up altogether, sitting down at the piano each morning and putting in a couple of hours' practice. All I wanted to do was to lie down on the sofa and be alone. Well, one afternoon a lady friend of mine came in to see me, and so struck was she by the change she saw that she said, 'Why, Clara, if you don't pull yourself together you'll be in your grave in another month. Why don't you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I laughed, and said I wasn't going to try anything. She then brought me an account of an interview which appeared in a newspaper. I forgot the details, but it seemed that this young woman was suffering like myself—indigestion and gastric trouble. After that I determined to try the pills. My friend brought me about half a box to try, and I took them. There was a difference in me at once. I found myself eating better. I did not feel so giddy. My indigestion was not so acute, and the shortness of breath stopped. I went on with the pills, and after about the second or the

third box I completely surprised my husband by sitting down at the piano and singing some of my old songs. I have now a number of important engagements to fulfil—in fact, I have contracts for 1900 and 1901. I feel as strong now as ever I did in my life, and I am going to make some money out of a song I have just bought from Mr. Norton Atkins."

A PEEP INTO CIRCUS LIFE.

There is a charm about circus life which makes any details about those who perform such daring feats before the public especially interesting. To those fond of animals, some facts with reference to the manner in which they are trained will, we feel sure, be read with avidity. In order to secure these details, I paid a visit (writes the *Weekly Dispatch* reporter) to Miss Gipsy Dudley, residing at 18, Marsland Road, London, S.E., whose celebrated trick horse Mepho was at one period of his life valued at £860.

"It was," said Miss Dudley, "about the early part of 1895 that I was carrying out my contract with Wulff's Circus, and performing in Buda-Pesth with my trick horse Mepho. For many months I had done a very daring feat—namely, making Mepho stand up on his hind legs and then walking slowly underneath. This is very dangerous, because should the horse fall one might be crushed to death. But I knew Mepho and he knew me, and I never felt nervous until one particular night, when, to my surprise, I did not do this trick so clean and with such coolness as hitherto. I felt nervous beyond all doubt, but such a thing as nervousness is never dreamed of in circus life, so I made an effort to shake it off. It was no use; the feeling would remain.

"Seeing something was wrong, Mr. Carl Brudei sent me home in a voiture, and the next day I was in bed, having caught one of the worst complaints on the Continent—namely, Danube fever. For days I was delirious and suffered frightful agony. I had to give up my engagement, and let Mepho eat his head off in the stable. Some six months later, when all my savings had gone, I determined to go into the hospital at Buda-Pesth and see what could be done for me there. It was then decided that my heart was affected, and that the fever had left behind it a decline—in other words, I was going into rapid consumption. I communicated with my friends and agent in England, and was very soon removed to London. Well, specialist after specialist was consulted, with but little good. Some gave me three months to live; others, more generous, allowed me six months at the outside. I don't want to weary you, but my sufferings were terrible. To walk across the room I had to catch hold of the furniture and balance myself by means of the chairs. I could scarcely breathe, and did anything cause me to cough, my chest felt as if a lot of fish-hooks were inside me pulling the very life out of me.

"Owing to my illness, I had been forced to leave Mepho to a lady appearing at the Crystal Palace. Do you know, I would have given all I possessed to have had just one glimpse of Mepho, but my friends said they were sorry that they thought that would never be. My pillow each morning was just as if it had been dropped in the bath and picked out again. I began to make up my mind that I should never work again, and I got very downcast and miserable. I felt as if I did not care whether I went to



MISS GIPSY DUDLEY.

sleep and never woke up again, so I thought I would send for a brother professional who would find me a customer for Mepho.

"He had not seen me for several months, and when he entered the room he started back almost without knowing me. I was so changed. He began to chaff me, and said, 'I must get you well myself. I must treat you to a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' I took no notice of this, because I thought—well, if you don't mind me saying it—it was all bunkum. I had read about the pills. I had read cases where the pills had almost saved life, but I thought little of them. But haven't I altered in my opinion now! He did buy me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I took them just to please him. In less than a week I felt better; I began to eat well at the end of the first box, so much so that my sister said she would have to get two loaves instead of one from the baker each day. Before the third box was half through I was out walking in the streets. I still felt my heart a little affected, but I was a different woman. I did not dispose of Mepho, and I began to look forward to working again. Everybody I saw said it was wonderful. I feel sure they would have said that they expected to see me in my grave rather than walking about. I began to get some colour in my face (I mean real colour, not professional make-up) and take long walks. Now I've told you my story. It's true, and put it in what paper you like."

HOW A MUSIC-HALL SONG WAS COMPOSED.

"Smiles and Tears" was the title of a very pretty music-hall song I heard sung one night as I dropped into the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, some few months since, and being struck by the charming wording, I made some inquiries as to its authorship, for I was bent upon picking up a little novelty exclusively for the *Weekly Dispatch*.

I found the words had been suggested by the artist herself—an exceedingly attractive young lady—and had been arranged by the well-known versatile artist and songwriter, Norton Atkins. I was then all the more eager to learn fuller details.

I obtained the consent of the Editor, and that night I heard the story. "I am now," said Miss Barry, "in my twenty-second year: I have been married nearly four years, and have, I am very pleased to say, two dear little children. All our family, as my husband there can tell you, are alive and healthy, and so could I claim good health until about two years ago. I had always had an ambition to go on the stage, and my husband decided to allow me to adopt the profession. I soon found some suitable songs, and in the matter of dresses my husband was the dear good generous fellow he has always been. No one could have had a better start, and for a time everything looked so sorry that I began to promise my husband and my babies what I would give them out of my first £20 cheque.

"All my hopes were dashed to the ground, however, within the next few weeks, for I was taken dangerously



MISS JENNY BARRY.

ill. It started first with a cold, then developed into influenza, finishing up finally with some serious gastric trouble which left me in a decline. For weeks I had nothing but soda and milk, occasionally a little fruit. I grew so pale and thin that I felt that if I did get well I should have to have all my dresses taken in and altered to fit. One day my husband found me in tears, and can you wonder, when you remember that there was I helpless, scarcely able to move a hand, as pale as death, thin as a lath, unable to eat, with nothing but the grave in front of me. My husband caught me trying to brush the tears away, so he said, 'Jennie, smiles first'; and it was then I thought 'what a fine title for a song, 'Smiles and Tears.' My husband said, 'Yes; I'll write the smiles part and you the tears.' So down he sat and jotted down what a jolly time we would have when I got well, the friends we would take on a coaching tour, the dresses I should wear at the Derby and the Music Hall Sports, and lots of things I don't remember. It was handed to Mr. Norton Atkins, who produced what everyone thinks a very pretty song.

"The next day or so I felt so depressed that I sent for Miss Clara Torr, whom I am firmly convinced would make a drowned rat laugh, if it were possible. She burst into my room, her handsome face full, as usual, of kindness and laughter, and in her hand she had a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was to take them and say nothing. She knew plenty of people whose lives had been saved—only they would not own it—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I knew Clara was a good soul, and if she said a thing she meant it, so I started taking them at once. In less than a week I was asking for more food; before a fortnight was passed I was out of bed and walking about the room. In less than a month—I think I had had three boxes—I was downstairs, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I'm going back to the stage to sing 'Smiles and Tears.'"

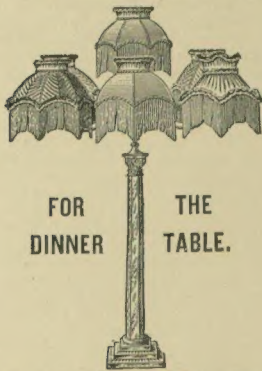
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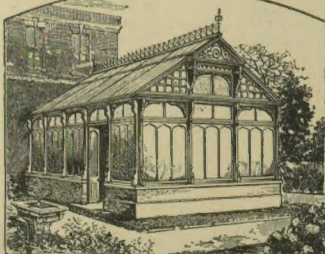


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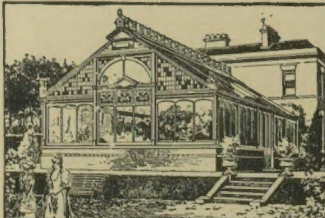
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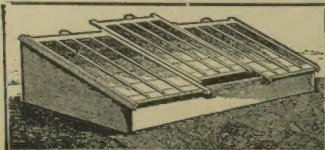
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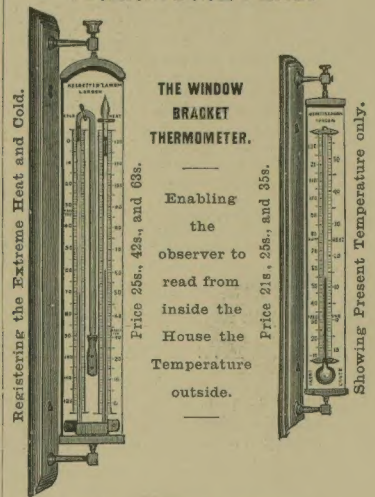
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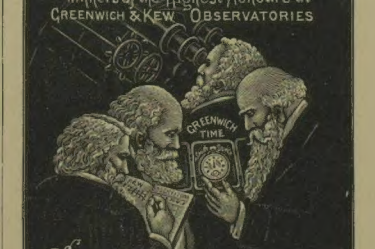
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